July 23 ... Sept 3 ... 24

JOHN BULL

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For meaning of this No. see Page III. of cover.

No. 007624

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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All editorial enquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

There will be some interesting developments in the Crippen case—and JOHN BULL may play an important part in connection with them. Wait and see.

Mr. Asquith's suggestion of a memorial to King Edward is a happy one. Just the very reasons which made the Victoria memorial a failure will make this a huge success. With the exception of Bramwell Booth and Keir Hardie, everyone will desire to subscribe.

There is growing anxiety and indignation, on the part of the public, at the continued non-utilisation by the Government of the services of Lord Kitchener. As one of our correspondents says, he is no longer a young man, "yet here we are, with Army matters being muddled in the same old way—any amount of talk about German invasion, the urgent necessity of placing our house in order—whilst the man who is probably our greatest soldier of modern times is rusting out." What is the reason—the true reason? Won't Mr. Haldane disclose it—*or must we?*

We have read with profound regret—although without surprise—of the appointment of Mr. Horace Avory to one of the vacant judgeships. To-day we can scarcely trust ourselves to speak. The appointment is a judicial tragedy; and although we had prepared the public mind for the announcement—now made immediately after Parliament had adjourned—we find it difficult to realise the hideous truth. With a knowledge of the law and of the Law Courts greater than that of all other laymen combined, we have a respect, bordering on a reverence, for the judiciary of our country. This scandalous job—the callous reward of judicial incapacity and failure—has shaken our faith to its foundations, and we must pause ere speaking further of it.

What is this story we hear about Mr. Lloyd George and the Gardens in Sussex Square, Brighton?

The circle of our influence is every day growing wider. For instance, Sir William Ramsay has been telling the annual Health Congress that "owing to the party system of Government, measures of urgent importance for the public well-being could not be got through Parliament." It is not exactly fresh news; still, it is good to have it, even stale, from this distinguished man of science. But what is he doing to assist the movement for smashing up the party system? What is his "colour"?

Notwithstanding the holiday season—when the sales of all serious journals are supposed to slump—the circulation of JOHN BULL continues, in the words of the late Mr. Gladstone, to go up by leaps and bounds, the half-million record having been left long behind. It now only remains for *Mrs. Bull* to make her appearance, and then we shall have an unique journalistic enterprise. We are just off to Carlsbad to think out the details of the scheme and to cogitate over the many suggestions with which our readers have favoured us.

The only political event which has occurred since the rising of Parliament has been the Manifesto of the Scotch Liberal M.P.'s, in favour of a national movement for what, with characteristic Scotch humour, they called Devolution. In other words, they propose in future to compete with Mr. Redmond in a demand for some form of Home Rule. It now only remains for Sir Alfred Thomas and his Welsh colleagues to issue a similar manifesto on behalf of the Principality, and then the Government's course of action will be easy. Attention will no longer be rivetted upon Ireland, and in the general demand for a system of Local Government for each portion of the United Kingdom, the Separation cry will fall flat, and before we know it Home Rule will be an accomplished fact. It is a pretty scheme, and it would be interesting to know who is behind it. By the way, where are Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Henry Dalziel spending their holiday?

We have received a request from a reader, largely interested in hospital work, to use our influence in favour of securing the muffling of Big Ben from midnight till eight in the morning. He tells us that the constant chiming and striking of the mammoth clock is a source of serious disturbance to the patients at St. Thomas's and Westminster Hospitals, whilst he points out that it can be of no possible benefit to the rest of the community. Perhaps Mr. Harcourt will think the matter over.

There is much agitation in naval circles in regard to a matter affecting relations between Lord Charles Beresford and Sir Percy Scott, and arising, indirectly, out of the famous signalling incident of eighteen months ago. It is said that Lord Charles has unearthed conclusive evidence of a plot which had for its object a systematic Press campaign against him, and we understand that much will be heard of the matter when Parliament re assembles.

Our snapshotting contemporary, the *Daily Mirror*, recently horrified its readers by discussing the deleterious effects of certain foods upon certain people, and stated that an egg had been known to cause a man's nose to bleed. We have ourselves witnessed the phenomenon; the nose belonged to an unsuccessful candidate for Parliamentary honours.

Mr. Walter Judd has sent us a letter on the law of libel as it relates to newspapers, in which he urges that the defendant shall be enabled to apply to a judge or Master of the Supreme Court for an order requiring the plaintiff to give security for costs. "I intend," writes Mr. Judd, "with the assistance of a Member of Parliament, to use my utmost endeavours to get this Act passed." Naturally enough, we should like to see the law amended in the direction indicated; but we fear that Mr. Judd and his Member of Parliament have a tough job before them. And, curiously enough, he says nothing about the liability of the printer, whose grievance is, perhaps, the greater, for he is often joined in a suit for libel, although he may have known nothing of the matter complained of until he saw it in print. The whole question is a very difficult one, and the arguments are by no means all on one side.

According to the *Christian World*, "Mr. Birrell's speech at the Eighty Club sounded, to those who heard it, as though he were developing a plpn hat had been discuss d e the in the Cabinet or in the Conference." Perhaps our pious contemporary will be good enough to inform us what is a "plpn hat," and, at the same time, what brand they drink at the Eighty Club.

The love of red tape is not confined to Downing Street. A correspondent tells us that in 1908 he retired from the Cape Colonial Civil Service on pension, and there being no restrictions as to where he should live, he returned to England, where he has remained, drawing his pension quarterly through the Agent General for the Cape Colony, who transmitted it regularly to him by means of a crossed cheque. Now he is informed by the High Commissioner that in future the pension can only be drawn "by personal application at this office," or "by the declaration and receipt after execution being handed to a local bank for collection." The reason given for the change, which has caused serious inconvenience to our correspondent, is that "the High Commissioner cannot take the responsibility of forwarding cheques through the post." But what if the pensioner (as in this case) desires it, and is willing to take the risk? Oh, for——, etc.!

According to one of the London morning papers, Crippen is now "morose and sullen." What do they expect him to be? He isn't listening to one of Captain Kendall's jokes now, is he? But he "reads his Bible diligently"! What nauseating cant!

Dr. Emil Reich, professor of things-in-general, who knows more about Plato than Plato ever knew about himself, has again bobbed up in England. There is a rumour that his first lecture in his forthcoming Pleasant Afternoons for Idle Duchesses will be on "The Relation of the Petted Poodle to the Platonic Philosophy, with Illustrations on the German Band."

A Llandudno man got drunk the other evening, and the magistrates fined him 1s. and costs. Another man let out his five-months'-old fox-terrier pup between the hours of 6 p.m. and 6 a.m. "contrary to the regulations of the Carnarvonshire County Council," and they fined him 10s. That is where he lost money. He should have kept in his dog and have gone out and got drunk ten times.

After hearing evidence at an inquest on the death of a child, a few days ago, the Swansea Coroner addressed to the mother and the jury some remarks which stamp him as a man of clear, vigorous, and sympathetic mind. The mother had married a man whom he described as "a scoundrel—a horrible creature." Her husband was then in a filthy state. The girl, knowing nothing of such things, fed the child as best as her almost destitute condition permitted, and the actual cause of death was "exhaustion caused by congenital disease." As the coroner said, the mother was to be pitied rather than blamed. The father had transmitted this disease to mother and offspring, and had then left her and the child without money to face the world alone. "I do beg of you," he went on to the woman, "whatever else you do, do not have anything more to do with this man. Directly you are a little better, my officer will communicate with the court missionary, who will try to get a situation for you. It will be far better than living with such a horrible creature as he appears to be." Turning to the jury, he remarked that the disease mentioned could be stamped out of this country as easily as hydrophobia but for the Puritanical nonsense of those who opposed an Act "such as they have in other countries." It is not a question we can discuss at large, but it is easy to see the disgusting tragedy in this particular case. Of the practical soundness of the coroner's advice to this poor girl we have no doubt at all.

Here, however, comes in the question of divorce as it affects the poor. If the woman decides to have nothing more to do with her husband, and gets a situation, he will probably ferret her out, threaten, sponge on her, and finally induce her to go back to live with him again, with the result that the horrible story may be repeated. Or supposing that she continues to earn her own living apart, she will still be his wife without any possibility of obtaining sufficient money to bring her case for divorce to London. A court with local divorce jurisdiction would soon settle the matter for her at a cost comparatively trifling, but the Report of the Royal Commission is still to await, and a Bill, let alone an Act, giving divorce jurisdiction to County Courts, is years distant from these poor women. When the Report does come, we must do our best to get a Poor Persons Divorce Act on the Statute Book.

There have been so many exaggerated accounts of the rush to Reno that we welcome the modest narrative of the *Daily Mail*:—

> It is believed that by Monday morning 20,000 visitors will be here. Two thousand five hundred special trains are coming from all parts of America.

This works out at eight persons per train. What a terrible case of overcrowding!

The Law Society is a strange institution. We have more than once commented upon the remarkable view it takes of its duty towards the legal profession and the public. Recently, we have had another example. Having complained that a firm of solicitors—the notorious Carter and Bell—had deliberately tampered with the Press, with a view to securing a partial and one-sided report of certain legal proceedings in which they were concerned, we are now informed that the Society can take no steps, as the matters out of which the complaint arises are *sub judice*. Was more arrant nonsense ever written? Presumably if Carter and Bell had violently assaulted one of the parties to the proceedings, the same answer would have been given. Either the firm did, or did not, attempt to improperly influence the Press. If it did, the Society's duty is obvious. If it did not—as we say it did—a writ for libel should have been served upon us.

They seem to take their pleasures rather sadly in Girvan, after all, though they do indulge in mixed bathing. At the last meeting of the Parish Council one of the members deplored the notion of closing the gates of the cemetery in the evening, "as many of those who are unable to get out during the day, greatly appreciated a walk in at night." And, on the other hand, it is at least equally probable that many of those who have been compelled to go in during the day would greatly appreciate a walk out at night.

Two members of the Hartlepool Education Committee seem to desire to turn the local Council Chamber into a bear garden; to wit, Mr. Sherwood and Mr. Purves. Not only do they argue at each other across the table, but at times it almost appears as if they would start a pugilistic encounter, not according to the rules of the late Marquis of Queensberry. For instance, at a recent meeting of the Committee, Mr. Purves said he couldn't stand "this fellow's" insolence any longer, and offered to fight him any day he liked. Subject to the approval of the Chief Constable, we shall be delighted to arrange a meeting in a twenty-acre field between these two eminent educationists; fight to a knock-out, the winner to have a JOHN BULL biscuit, and the loser a week in hospital.

The Whitchurch Board of Guardians are among those public bodies who think it necessary to go through the farce of advertising staff vacancies when in fact they have already been filled. This was their method in the case of the new Relieving Officer. As the chairman frankly said, a certain gentleman had been already practically selected, and he would get the post even if a hundred candidates applied. If this notice had been placed at the foot of the advertisement nobody would have allowed himself to be fooled for the entertainment of the Guardians. As it was, there were 55 applicants, each expecting to be fairly treated. They necessarily put themselves to a great deal of trouble, though the best of them had as little chance of the post as the worst. We strongly object to farces of this sort. Members of public bodies should have a higher respect for themselves and a truer sense of their responsibilities to the ratepayers than to play such tricks.

We are all for economy in local Government, but we think we must draw the line at the following resolution passed at a meeting of a Committee of the Cuckfield Guardians:—

> Resolved, that the Guardians be recommended to have the eight old Hens killed and given to the Sick and those Inmates that do not go out on the Treat Day.

The idea of a party of toothless octogenarians struggling with the carcases of those "old hens," as a consolation for not going out on "Treat days," is immense.

Isn't it about time that the Town Hall chimes at Hove were suppressed in the interests of public health and sanity? They might be a more or less tolerable contribution to the charms which soothe the savage breast if they were heard for half-an-hour once a week, but when the apparatus rolls out the same old airs in the same old way five times a day, the thing assumes the proportions of a monotonous and lead-splitting nuisance, especially to those residents who have the misfortune to receive the full shock of the reverberation. If the local authorities will not stifle the music, the permanent residents of Hove should apply for an injunction, or petition Mr. McKenna to send a gunboat to blow the machinery to smithereens. On the whole, the best thing for the authorities to do, if they want to save trouble and expense, is to reserve those chimes for millenniums and similar special occasions, much better than driving the inhabitants to the madhouse or the grave.

With the Rev. J. E. [illegible]. Bartlett as their Chairman, the Wymondham magistrates have sentenced a man to three months' imprisonment "for taking a rabbit, value 8d., from land in the occupation of Lord Stafford." The man had undoubtedly on a previous occasion annexed one of the wild animals running on his lordship's land. Even so, the sentence is in gross disproportion to the offence. There is really no more justification for sending a man to gaol for annexing a wild rabbit than for annexing a wild blackbeetle; unless it is that the one is rumoured to be good in pie and that the other is despised even in soup.

Apropos the complaints which reached us concerning the organisation of a recent Sunday School excursion from Wembley to Worthing, and which we summarised in a recent issue, ending with the query, "What says the vicar?" the Rev. J. W. P. Silvester writes us a courteous reply. He says the excursion was a mixed one of Nonconformists and Church people; that the arrangements were made by the respective superintendents; that the teachers were not by themselves in a special saloon, but with the children (this is contrary to a written statement of the father of one of the children); that if there was overcrowding the fault was that of the railway company in putting on so small a number of carriages; that it is "next to impossible on these gigantic excursions to guarantee that every child will catch the train" (surely not if all the children are in sight and properly mustered by the teachers before the train starts for home?), but that "provision is always made, as on this occasion" (what provision was made?) "to have those who miss their train properly conducted to their destination" (the father says the teachers did not know his child was missing or where she could be found); and that "it is a libel on the teachers to say they flirted" (this was the father's way of accounting for the teachers' alleged neglect, not ours). "Oh, John," apostrophises the vicar in conclusion, "you are not the sportsman I took you for!!!" But what sort of a sportsman *did* our rev. friend take us for? Not a Wembley Sunday School superintendent sort, surely?

We understand that the Archbishop of Canterbury is non-committal in regard to the Rev. Tufnell Barrett's scandalously intolerant treatment of Mrs. Kennett, one of his parishioners. As most of our readers are aware, this rev. gentleman is the new Vicar of St. Paul's, Sandgate, and almost one of his first acts in entering the parish was to require the resignation of Mrs. Kennett, as a district visitor, and to refuse Communion to her, on the ground that she is married to her deceased sister's husband, although the marriage took place twenty-one years ago, and the lady has been a devoted church worker under two former vicars. In Mrs. Kennett's place, however, leaving aside all questions of public right, we should treat the Rev. Tufnell Barrett, his port, and his biscuits, with utter contempt.

A spectacle which is becoming more and more familiar to London is that of vans and carts loaded up with meat, and the driver sitting on top of the nearest carcase in his dirty clothing. We suspect there is a legend among the butchers that beef or mutton gets more tender the longer a man sits on it, but if so we hasten to assure them that it has no basis of truth. As a matter of fact, the less meat is sat on, the sweeter it is to every trained palate. If the butchers think differently, they should identify and label the joints thus treated. For instance, "Prime sirloin. Only 1s. 2d. Sat on by two men and a boy all the way from Smithfield to Brixton." They might sell less meat, it is true; but the greengrocers would certainly sell more vegetables.

Some weeks ago we drew the attention of the Chief of Police at Neath to the fact that though there are dozens of people carrying on Sunday trading in the town, three persons only are selected for prosecution week after week, and these always the same three. The Chief Constable knows quite well that this sort of thing is utterly unfair. He should summon all Sunday traders, or none. The evidence of which he so eagerly avails himself in any one case is available in any other. Is there nobody in the Borough Council with the courage to call attention to this matter?

Mr. Havelock Wilson reminds us of the eels of Melun He cries out before he is skinned. Last week he headed a deputation of seamen who waited upon the President of the Board of Trade to air their grievances. Mr. Wilson, says the report, "referred again to the branding of seamen's bodies. He said that every year for the last three years 10,000 men of the Port of Antwerp have been branded on their bodies before being engaged on British ships." That sounds very terrible, and greatly impressed Mr. Buxton, who "was not even aware that any operations of that sort were carried on at Antwerp." The "branding" that Mr. Havelock Wilson talks about is a device of Dr. de Deker, the Medical Examiner to the Shipping Federation at Antwerp. In order to check the personation carried on by the Antwerp boarding masters, Dr. de Deker hit upon the expedient of impressing upon the wrist of each seaman passed by him a rubber stamp. This stamp is displayed by the men as the hall-mark of good health; it is readily removable by the application of a little soap and water, and it is seldom necessary for the seaman to retain it more than an hour or two. And this is the harmless and useful operation that sends Mr. Havelock Wilson shrieking to the President of the Board of Trade about the "branding of seamen's bodies"!

The latest illustration of the readiness of the Government to over-ride law is to be found in the Savarkar incident. Savarkar was arrested, and on his way to India on a charge of sedition, when, touching at Marseilles, he managed to escape. The moment he touched French soil he came within the protection of the extradition treaty between England and France, and could only lawfully be handed back to British officials after the procedure prescribed by the treaty had been followed. It is indeed doubtful whether he would have been surrendered at all, since he is charged, and charged only, with a political offence. Anyway a French constable arrested Savarkar and handed him over to the British officials, in whose custody he remains. Will he be allowed to remain there and taken to India to stand his trial? Such gross illegality on the part of a British Government, such contempt for the right of asylum is hardly conceivable, but we shall be pleasantly surprised if Savarkar is released. Imagine, if that be possible, Mazzini or Garibaldi, or Ledro Rollin, escaping to this country and being forthwith surrendered to the despots who were pursuing them. The thought of it is enough to make Palmerston and John Russell turn in their graves.

It is too bad of the German Radicals to tease the Kaiser about hurrying his champagne through the Customs before the new duties come into force. Instead of taunting him with "careful housekeeping," they should remember that it is very good of him to pay import duties at all. Most monarchs don't. No Ambassador does. Presumably the idea is that he is extravagant to drink champagne at all, but is he to be debarred from offering his guests an imperial pint or two? Or is he to injure their stomachs with sparkling hock? At this rate, we shall have Mr. Keir Hardie seeking to restrict King George to British Gooseberry.

The Edinburgh Gas Commission seems to have done pretty w ll for its late engineer, Mr. Herring, however badly it may be doing for the ratepayers, a large number of whom are using language not authorised by the standard British lexicographers. In a word, the retiring Engin er is to be appointed Consulting Engineer at £500 a year—for which he is to make one visit a month to the works at Granton—and in addition is to be paid 5 per cent. on all new works and repairs. As upon this Mr. Masterman, the first assistant, has been appointed Engineer at £600 a year, the ratepayers naturally want to know (1) why an Engineer capable of managing the whole job has not been appointed, and (2) what especial benefits Mr. Herring has conferred on Edinburgh to entitle him to this lucrative sinecure? The Commission claim to save about £1,100 in salary and incidentals by th: arrangement, but while this is more than doubtful, it is obvious there will be divided responsibility, with the conse uent paralysis of personal initiative, and difficulty in fixing the blame if anything goes wrong.

Here is another illustration for Mr. Churchill when he introduces his Bill to give poor people the right to pay their fines by instalments. Having no money, and being desirous of seeing his invalid mother in England, a young man named Parman stowed himself away on a Union Castle liner at Capetown, and on arrival at Southampton the magistrates fined him £15 15s. It is true that the stowaway commits a fraud on the owners of the vessel against which they are defenceless. In other words, he not only travels without paying his fare, but compels them to keep him while he travels. But if that is an offence deserving imprisonment, why should the magistrates go through the farce of imposing a fine, and if in such circumstances it is an offence which can be met by a fine, why should they impose one so heavy that the man has no alternative except prison? The discretion given to magistrates of fining a man instead of sending him to gaol was intended by the law to offer a real alternative; not an illusory and farcical one.

Somebody has said of Chicago—the Right Hon. John, if memory serves—that it is Hell with the lid off. Accepting for truth what the two Newport (Monmouth) reverends say, Porthcawl must run it pretty close. According to the reverend brother Thomas Richards, "Porthcawl is the rallying point for the forces of the devil," while reverend brother Seth Joshua prays "he will have as strong a blow as Johnson to fight against the Devil at Porthcawl, when he starts his mission in August." Why, it may be asked, is Porthcawl so exceedingly warm? The Rev. Seth says its streets are lined with drunks, its atmosphere vibrates with horrible blasphemies, and the people of Newport send down their aristocratic sinners with their clubs and golf balls, the Rev. Thomas adding that it does a lot of Sunday trains and Sunday trading. However, there is hope. When Rev. Seth gets in his Johnsonian upper-cut Porthcawl will probably be as glad to be saved as Jeffries.

French strikers are certainly ingenious. Their sabotage, or "folded arms" protest, which consisted in doing nothing (like Mr. Muskin) was quietly effective and infinitely to be preferred to riots. But the "open-mouth" campaign is even better, and there will be some fun when all employees begin to blurt out the secrets of their trades. We are not sure that we should not welcome a strike of that kind here. The result would be to put us all on our guard against those smug swindlers who enjoy riches and public consideration.

Will the Dean of Ely tell us whether the baptismal font of the Cathedral is reserved for the infants of the Elyite aristocracy? We ask the question because we understand that Dr. Kirkpatrick discourages ordinary baptisms in the Cathedral, even in the case of infants of parents who have been regular members of the congregation. Having attended no other place of worship for ten years, certain parents complain to us that the Dean refuses permission without the "cordial consent" of the Vicar of a parish church which they never attended. Had not our correspondents been loyal members of the Cathedral congregation for so long, we should have been inclined to regard their request for the use of the baptismal font as a sort of ritualistic snobbery. But the circumstances put their desire on a different plane, and it is not easy to understand why Dean Kirkpatrick should disappoint it.

Next week we shall publish a remarkable article dealing with the present condition of things in the Salvation Army—to be followed up by one more remarkable still, dealing with the present position of certain members of General Booth's family.

THE WEEK'S "CHESTNUT":—

Small boy in class, being told the functions of the human body, how the nose was made to smell, and the feet to run, was seen shortly afterwards, quietly crying, and was asked the reason. "Please 'um, God's made me the wrong way. Boo, hoo!!!"

MRS. BULL WILL HAVE HER EYE ON—

MRS. GRUNDY.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

NOTICE.—SALE ADVERTISEMENTS.—No biscuits are awarded to tradesmen for announcing that a "sale price" is more than the "actual value." Nor do we encourage with nourishment advertisers who state the articles they offer to be of "no use." Both these cases prove that truth may sometimes be found, not only in an affidavit, but even in an advertisement.

AGE.—Biscuits are not given to general servants "2 to 22," or to veterans of 80 years of age. The ages of the former are often inscrutable, while the latter may be enjoying their second childhood.

The announcement "ladies wanted for sale" does not move us to generosity.

PATENT MEDICINES.—We do not give biscuits to patent medicine vendors for the injunction to the public to get "the same pills as Mr. Robinson had."

BRIDEGROOMS.—No more wedding cake for these harmless, necessary adjuncts when they go away "in a costume of rose vieux, trimmed with glace, with hat to match." They evidently foresee who is destined to wear the breeches, and they are lucky to get away at all.

For reporting that: "Tortor was LAST *away,* FOLLOWED *by Mary Carmichael, Francolin, Excellenza colt and Oliver Goldsmith for a furlong,"*

THE STAR

TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the following report: "Dr. Suire, of London, said that, out of SIXTY-SEVEN CHILDREN *attending a school in a poor part of London, he found* LESS THAN ONE PER CENT. *with signs indicative of tuberculosis of the lungs,"*

THE EVENING NEWS

TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising for "quiet couple or OTHERWISE,"

AN AYR LANDLADY

TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing that, "Mrs. H. Te Neves (NEE MRS. RIVERS) *is going to breed Bobtails,"*

THE COURT JOURNAL

TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the following: "Healthy Ruthin. The Medical Officer reported that during the month six births and four deaths had been registered, being ALL *due to natural causes,"*

THE DENBIGHSHIRE FREE PRESS

TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the following exordium: "Before I speak, I WANT TO SAY SOMETHING *on the situation in which the House finds itself,"*

MR. HALDANE (*per DAILY TELEGRAPH*)

TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For describing a lady as: "*BORN AT *Newton Abbot, Devonshire, England,* AND MANY YEARS A NATIVE OF *Warrnambool, Victoria,"*

THE FORFAR HERALD

TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the following: "Wanted, a small cottage, suitable for POULTRY AND PIGS,"

AN ADVERTISER IN *THE LEICESTER DAILY MERCURY*

TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating in an advertisement of a house for sale "fine healthy district; GOOD OPENING FOR MEDICAL MAN,"

MESSRS. GRAHAM & CO. (Auctioneers, Bournemouth West)

TAKE THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "it was not surprising in these circumstances to find EVERYONE IN LONDON PRESENT AT NEWMARKET,"

THE DAILY MIRROR

TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "Sir Walter Gilbey's Sparkling Cadet took first for yearling hackney stallions in the THREE-YEAR OLD *hackney stallion class,"*

THE RETFORD, WORKSOP, ISLE OF AXHOLME AND GAINSBURGH NEWS

TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating in its report of an inquest, "Deceased was formerly an insurance agent, but NOW *of no occupation,"*

THE WESTERN EVENING HERALD (Plymouth)

TAKES THE BISCUIT.

IS WHITE BREAD POISONING US ?—II.

By James Scott.

In my former article I pointed out that the bleaching of flour had been authoritatively held responsible for poisoning our bread, and consequently our bodies. We will now go direct to the origin of the bleaching agent used, which is called peroxide of nitrogen.

Many processes, some of them patented, for whitening flour have been attempted, and discarded for various reasons. Professor William Jago tried ozone; but has confessed that it left too nasty a flavour behind in the bread, and thus rendered it unfit for food. Chlorine has also been used with the same useless result. Peroxide of nitrogen is now alone adopted for the purpose.

Nitrogen, oxygen, and hydrogen are the gases which form the atmosphere we breathe. Nitrogen is present in the air to the extent of four-fifths, and is necessary for the existence of plant life, and in various states for animal life also. It can be extracted and liquefied or solidified by various means. Nitric acid, *i.e.*, *aqua fortis*, is its most potent state. This acid is also called vitriol, and so is sulphuric acid. Nitric acid is a very innocent-looking, water-like fluid; but it is probably the fiercest common acid known. It is employed by etchers and engravers to bite the lines into—or, rather, out of—their metal plates. If the bottle containing it is uncorked we can see poisonous vapour "steaming" from it. It corrodes and yellows the skin, and dissolves metals to form salts.

Suppose we drop a farthing into some nitric acid. Instantly immense clouds of deep red fumes arise and the acid violently bubbles and becomes bluish or greenish, ultimately making nitrate of copper. A sixpence dropped into a small quantity of it is soon eaten up to make nitrate of silver, otherwise lunar caustic, a substance used by doctors for cauterising wounds and sores. These facts will be useful as we proceed.

Nitrogen may be combined with various proportions of oxygen to compose nitrous and nitric oxides, nitric peroxide, and so on. Nitrous oxide, which is also called nitrogen monoxide, and protoxide of nitrogen, is the famous "laughing gas" used by dentists, and others, to deaden their patients' pain. It produces a species of intoxication. Note this for future reference.

First we have nitrous oxide. This, with more oxygen, becomes nitric oxide. An additional supply of oxygen to the mixture produces nitrogen peroxide, which the chemist also calls nitrogen tetroxide. Many years ago it was known as hyponitric acid; but Professor Graham substituted the name nitric peroxide. *It is a red gas*, and may be, at very low degrees, altered to a crystalline substance which melts to a yellow liquid which will boil back again to the red gas condition. When this gas, nitrogen peroxide, is absorbed by water it becomes nitrous and nitric acid.

Nitrogen peroxide can be obtained by heating lead nitrate; or by the chemical reactions of nitric acid, arsenic, and sulphuric acid. Sulphate of iron (*i.e.*, copperas), by acting on nitric acid, is an additional method of securing it. It can also be produced by discharging an electric current through the air. These details may be tedious; but are unavoidable if the reader wishes to realise the meaning of my remarks.

A leading authority recently declared that the practice of bleaching flour constituted "one of the gravest food abuses that consumers have had to endure in this country." Is it so?

An active crusade against it has started in the United States, where large quantities of the bleached flour have been seized by the police.

Professor J. H. Shephard stated—as every chemist knows—that nitrogen peroxide in conjunction with water became nitrous oxide (*i.e.*, laughing gas) and nitric acid; and ultimately formed nitrites in the body by the chemical reactions of one substance on another. He says that "there are no compensating features to justify the use of the peroxide," and proves that nitrites destroy the hæmoglobin of the blood. Nitrites are *not* produced in the naturally aged and whitened flour.

Professor Gustav Mann stated in evidence that—

"Nitrous acid (laughing gas), either free or combined, is one of the most poisonous substances that we have. Even in very minute amounts nitrous acid should be handled with extreme care. In feeble individuals it is quite conceivable that a dose of nitrite, which is normal under normal conditions, would cause death."

Extremely valuable testimony was given by Dr. John Marshall, Professor of Toxicology—*i.e.*, of poisons in a medicinal sense. He said that "the hæmoglobin of the blood was destroyed by nitrous acid," and he added:—"Absorption of the nitrous acid into the blood circulation takes place through the stomach walls, and that which escapes at this point will enter the blood circulation through the walls of the intestines."

The hæmoglobin is changed to methæmoglobin, while the liver is affected.

Dr. Alfred Stengel stated that bleached flour causes bad effects on the heart and muscles, as nitrous acid is a poisonous substance in solution. Dr. William Boos and Professor L. Edsall also condemned the bleaching.

Hæmoglobin, it needs stating, is the main ingredient of red blood, and in fact gives it its bright colour. It carries oxygen to the tissues and into the dissolved food, and is, of course, detrimentally affected by impurities of all kinds.

The attitude of the mass of bakers in this country is either neutral or favourable to the bleaching. The bread, so they say, is whiter and more amenable to handling. They are, however, not fully cognisant of the peculiar reactions possible. There is no doubt that if nitration instead of oxidation occurs during the bleaching—if nitrogen and not oxygen is absorbed—then there exists injurious properties in the flour, and action should be taken to suppress it. The bakers are really innocent of all intention to spread evil, and as they have for their own guidance the opinions of those scientists who contend that the bleached flour is *not* a means of poisoning us, they may be excused for sticking up for themselves.

Bakers as a class are among the cleanest of tradesmen, and I daresay that if it is proved that bleached flour occasions disaster, they will eschew it in the interests of their customers. It *has* been proved that bad or inferior flour, such as would ordinarily be discarded, can be made to appear quite wholesome if bleached, while it retains its pernicious quality. So that a baker would be asked to pay more for his stock than would otherwise be the case; while his supporters would lose in health. The bread would be much less nutritious, besides being poisonous.

Millers also act in good faith, mixing bleached flour with other kinds without any sophisticating motive.

As a set-off to the charges levelled against bleaching, it must be admitted that as practically everyone in this country—excepting babies and brown bread purchasers—eats white bread made from bleached flour, one would expect illnesses to be extremely abundant. Cases of indigestion, and minor ailments, do exist in enormous numbers; but so they did before the advent of bleached flour. The subject is, however, a very serious one, and in any event people ought to know just how things stand. I hope I have told them sufficient for their understanding, and I will now leave them to fight the matter out. *Are* we being poisoned by white bread?

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

See Page iii. of Cover.

THE WHITE SLAVES OF "MORALITY."

BY MARGARET MACGREGOR, M.A.

Someone once said that what was the matter with the poor was their poverty. The epigram was brilliant but not illuminating. Without brilliance, but with the rough brevity of hard fact, I would say suggestively that what ails the poor is their *fertility*. In plain English, the poor have too many children.

In a previous article in JOHN BULL the writer pointed out the shirking of motherhood by those fitted in every way for its responsibilities. In this, the other side of the question will be discussed—the misery caused by the reckless breeding of the poor and improvident. The temperance reformer holds up his hands and anathematizes "drink" as the curse of the poor, but in all seriousness I would suggest that large families are the poor's greatest curse.

It is simply cant to talk of the poor man finding his only pleasure in his children and his home. The poor man is not different from other men; he can have too much of a good thing, and he generally has it. The only man who can enjoy a large family is the man who can afford a large family, and the only woman who can enjoy one is not, at any rate, the woman who has to have it, feed and clothe it, cook and wash for it at the same time, and half starve herself and it in the effort.

Unfortunately, the conditions of poverty favour fertility; plain frugal fare and hard manual work make mothers; it is among the idle and luxurious that the barren woman and the physically bad mother is found. How often the lady of the manor is dying to have a child, while her washerwoman has nine or ten.

Men and women of the labouring classes marry, and for three or four years all goes well with them; but a child appearing every year, and their income not being correspondingly expansive, the result is misery. There is no doubt it wants good management to make a small family comfortable on twenty or twenty-five shillings a week, but it wants a miracle to make a large one comfortable on either sum, for what may mean comfort with two children may mean bare decency with four or five times the number. Nevertheless, there are thousands of careworn women who are striving to perform the miracle, and tens of thousands who recognise its impossibility, and are growing apathetic and sluttish in their fatalistic acceptance of their position.

There are no creatures born so much to be pitied as such women; half their married lives is spent in having children; and continual child bearing, coupled with the worry of a young family from whom they are never for one moment free, day or night, wears them out body and mind. Who can blame them if they seek oblivion of their intolerable lives in the drink shop?

Only less to be pitied are their husbands! They return home tired after their day's work, to find children crying and quarrelling and huddled together in rooms that would have meant space for two or three occupants but mean indecent overcrowding for nine or ten. In spite of the teetotaler, for such men the public-house is a necessary refuge. Brutal as it may sound, their children drive them there.

The sentimentalist may protest, but let anyone who knows what eight or nine even well brought-up children in a house mean picture those eight or nine children untrained and undisciplined in two or three rooms.

Children, even the best of them, are not angels, and the poor man's child, whose playground is the street, and whose only check is the irritated blow, just or unjust, of an overwrought mother, can hardly be expected to be supernaturally good.

I have known many poor wretches try to gain a little respite from the burden of maternity by nursing their children for two years or even more, but the unnatural strain ruins their health and does not always accomplish their object. "Caught," the common expression of working-class women when they find they are about to become mothers, is characteristic of their attitude to the "holy joys of motherhood"; maternity is a net always spread for them—in which they are bound to find themselves entangled sooner or later; there is no escape. I have seen women struggle bravely with five or six children and then rest for a year or two, and just as they are beginning to taste a little freedom the inevitable happens again.

The fact that he is out of work and cannot keep the children he has, does not deter a man from having more. At the present time I know a woman, once a parlour-maid in a good family, whose husband's chief occupation is "being unemployed," and he and their rapidly-increasing family have lived for years on her earnings as a charwoman, excepting for the few weeks every year when she has her annual baby!

It is surely time something was done to stop this breeding like rabbits, since we do not live under the conditions that rabbits do. "If another child comes to our house, I think I shall put a revolver to my head," I once heard an overburdened father say, with a delightfully unconscious repudiation of any responsibility in the matter, and apparently entirely ignorant that something much less simple than a revolver would prevent the trouble. We cannot prevent poverty, and we cannot change the natural instincts of mankind, but we can prevent the misery caused by both, by large families. It is the only way of salvation for the poor.

Of course, to preach such a gospel is treason, with an alarmingly declining birth-rate, but we do not want the increased population for our workhouses, gaols, and asylums which this improvident breeding means. We want an increase of the right sort of people.

To the purists such a gospel may also suggest an encouragement of "immorality," for so long as a woman is *married* they do not mind the fact that she may be more a slave to the lust of man and have to pay for it more dearly than the so-called immoral woman.

We in England so worship the god Respectability that to call a thing Respectable is to make it right. Marriage is "Respectable," therefore everything done in its name is right.

After all, apart from the altruistic and national points of view, there is the selfish point of view of this question. We have all to pay for the improvidence of the poor. If they cannot keep their families we have to keep them; we have to educate their children and now we have to feed them; and while it is perfectly right that the children should not suffer, it is equally hard that we should. We have taken away the responsibility of parents for feeding and educating their children; let us impose on them the responsibility for having them. We pay health visitors for instructing them in the wholesome ways of living; let them instruct them also in simple and safe ways of making their lives bearable by limiting their families. As it is, their knowledge seems confined to dangerous and unlawful practices that are altogether to be condemned.

An inquest was held some time ago on the body of a young married woman who had, without the knowledge of anyone, fatally injured herself internally in her anxiety to prevent another child being born. She was already the mother of a large family, and her husband and neighbours all testified to her hard work and excellent domestic qualities.

In this matter, above all, prevention is better than cure, and as prevention is now recognised as perfectly safe and legitimate by all the leading doctors, it should surely be preached to the poor, to whom it would mean so much, instead of being practised only by the rich to avoid their legitimate responsibilities.

SUPERANNUATION FUNDS.

THE PENALTY OF MARRIAGE.

Mr. and Mrs. Saunders write to us to complain of the action of the managers of the Central London School District. Mr. Saunders was lately assistant engineer to the managers and resigned owing to the fact that he desired to marry and his duties were not suitable to a married man. His wife was assistant cook at the same institution for the period of seven years during which Mr. Saunders was there, and throughout these years 2 per cent. was deducted from the wages of both for the purposes of the Superannuation Fund. On leaving the service of the Board they applied for a return of the moneys they had paid in—some £20 in all. In a letter dated April 12th, 1910, the clerk, Mr. Morrell, informed Mr. Saunders that the managers had considered the application, but had decided to take no action. Mr. Saunders then petitioned the Local Government Board, and the Assistant Secretary was directed to inform him that:—

There is no legal authority for the return of contributions under the Poor Law Officers' Superannuation Act, 1896, to an officer who has voluntarily resigned.

This was the reason of the refusal of the committee to return the superannuation contributions. They had no power to do so, and that being the case, of course they are not to be blamed in any way for keeping the money. But what an absurdity it is. A man who has been in the service of the school authority for many years resigns, not willingly, but because it is a choice between resignation and abandonment of marriage. The £20 that he and his wife have paid into this Fund would be of great service to them in their present position, but the committee are unable to help them because the law does not give them the necessary power. But if Mr. Saunders had been dismissed for misconduct, then the committee would have had the power to refund the whole of his contributions if they had chosen to do so. Could absurdity go farther?

RACE-COURSE THIEVES.

THE "BOYS" AND THE "NUTS."

Everyone is agreed that there is no country to beat ours in the matter of law and order. We sneer at Paris *apaches* and thank God that we are not like barbarous frog-eaters. Meanwhile, benighted foreigners come over and marvel at the respect ungrudgingly offered by the public to the police. We can, therefore, afford to admit shortcomings on the rare occasions when they are thrust under our noses.

The following cutting from the pages of a contemporary may be of interest to the Home Office:—

> The "boys" were very busy the other week at Pontefract. Sixty pounds was lifted from one public-house, and others were relieved of a few trifles. A well-known bookmaker was despoiled of his watch, chain and nearly a hundred pounds at the hotel he was staying at, a day after that meeting. A valuable watch, and close upon a thousand pounds in bank-notes under his pillow, was spared by the plunderers, who evidently had not pluck enough to have a go for fear of waking the sleeper. Some rare fun took place on a train which left Haydock Park directly after the conclusion of the racing on the first day. At a certain junction, less than a hundred miles from Haydock, the tickets were taken—that is to say, all the collectors could get. Arrived there, the fun commenced. In one compartment there were fifteen nice "nuts," with one "brief" between the lot of them. Unable to effect an entrance, the ticket-collector called up a constable, who, with more valour than wisdom, forced his way into the carriage, demanding tickets or money, failing which he would throw them out. All in a minute, he jumped out on to the platform as if he had sprung from off a red-hot plate, and screamed out at the top of his voice, "I've lost all my wages, and they've taken my purse." It was true; they had skinned him of everything about him to the last penny. Of those who laughed the loudest at the poor "copper's" misfortune was the inspector who had just finished doing the train for excess fares, and he fairly rubbed it in to his *confrere*. A minute later, the inspector walked into the station-master's office to deliver up the amounts so collected, only to find that the dear, dear "boys" had been over him for his lot, and that he was minus both his watch and money. It is the policeman who does the laughing now.

Mr. Churchill is so full of zeal that he may perhaps be moved to supervise the amenities of the patrons of the sport of Kings.

"TEMPERANCE BILLIARD HALLS."

MORE LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT OF WAGES.

A correspondent "who knows," writes:—"The secretary has grossly misinformed you as to the average payment of managers. There may possibly be one or two that now receive 35s. a week—but I doubt it. When the Fulham Hall opened, it had, as local manager, one Mr. Warren, a man highly respected in the district, and well recommended. He had to serve three weeks' probation at nothing per week at the Balham or Clapham Hall. His salary was 32s. 6d. per week—no commission or tips. At the beginning of the third week burglars broke open the safe and stole the day's takings—£5 0s. 5½d. The next day this manager was cleared out at a moment's notice, without his week's salary in lieu of notice. But they have paid him this since. A 'temporary' manager was then appointed until another one took the job on. When this last one had been there three weeks he had to rest for a few days owing to an injured leg. When he went to resume his duties he was informed he was not required, as he was 'intractable and disobedient.' The present manager receives 25s. a week, and has been there since June 2nd, so it does not seem that his appointment is of a temporary nature. The secretary's statement that the salaries average £2 a week is absolutely untrue."

"An Assistant" thinks the managers have no reason to grumble—it is the assistants who ought to make a noise. Assistants work from 9.30 a.m. till 1, starting again at 3 and not finishing till 11 at night—11½ hours a day. When his "half-day's holiday" comes round, he starts at 9.30 in the morning and knocks off at 5. Assistants do not get any other holiday.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENT HAWKERS.

SOME OF THEIR TRICKS.

There are already far too many unmusical people wasting their energies in trying to play the sackbut, dulcimer, and all kinds of musical instruments, and many of them are falling a prey to designing rascals who pander to their folly. The plan is for a hawker to go from door to door and palm off wretched fiddles or banjoes at high prices, usually on the instalment system, and to promise "free" tuition to purchasers. This tuition takes place at one of the faked "schools" or "colleges of music," now being started all over the country. All the pupils assemble in a room and are told to start playing some simple tune as best they can, either by ear or according to the rules given in some silly little book. As the instruments are not even tuned, the awful din can scarcely be imagined by anyone who has not encountered it. The victims soon perceive that they are not likely to derive much benefit from this sort of teaching, but they have been made to sign a document and are threatened with pains and penalties if they refuse to continue their payments. As they are bled to the tune of a shilling a week for a year, they do not find much compensation in the possession of a four-shilling mandoline.

THE POLITE LETTER-WRITER.

FURTHER COMPLIMENTS FROM ONE OF OUR READERS.

Mr. H. A. Stevens, of 34, Vicarage Road, Leyton, Essex, writes to us as follows:—

> In your issue dated July 9th, 1910, I see you have a letter from a Mr. Benson under the heading of "The Polite Letter Writer."
>
> If Mr. Benson had been a little less polite he would have been *paying you back in your own coin.*
>
> I agree with his letter from beginning to end, and of all the readers I know of your paper they think the same, and also that your paper is bought only out of morbid curiosity by the majority of your readers.
>
> Yes, Bottomley, do as Mr. Benson says, "Pull yourself together, man"—or you will go too far one day.

"A SOUTHWICK SCAMP."

Mr. George Gillam, The Green, Southwick, forwards us a statement *re* the above case, in defence of the man "who conducted the little girl home." The facts, he says, have been obtained from the man himself, and he asks us, "in the name of justice," to publish them.

After careful perusal and a comparison with our "Special Commissioner's" Report and rough sketch published in our issue of July 30th, we find the two are identical. In the circumstances, we do not consider it necessary to publish the statement. We will, however, carefully file the letter from Mr. Gillam in case he should dispute what we have stated.

JOHN BULL'S WRESTLERS.

THE FORTHCOMING GREAT GAMA-ZBYSCO MATCH.

Our readers will remember that we have arranged for a great match between Gama, the "Lion of the Punjab," and Zbysco, the "Bear," and the date has now been fixed for Saturday, September 10th; time and full particulars will be announced next week.

As we anticipated, Gama beat Dr. Roller, the hitherto undefeated American, at the Alhambra on Monday last, by easily gaining the first two falls. The contest was witnessed by a crowded house. The first fall took but 1 min. 40 sec., the second occupying 9 min. 9 sec.; the victory of the Hindoo being acclaimed by the house in a truly sporting spirit.

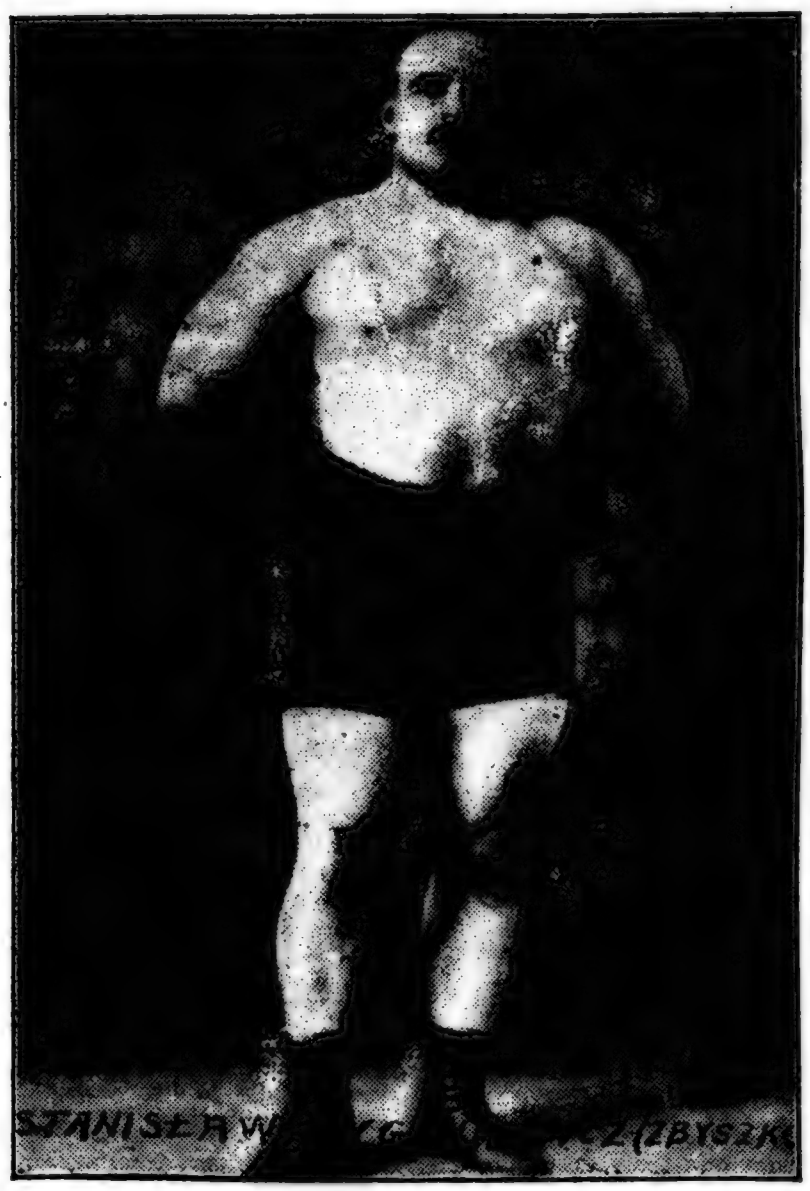
When it was subsequently announced from the stage that Gama would meet Zbysco at the Stadium for the JOHN BULL Belt and a large money stake, the view was freely expressed that the contest would prove *the* wrestling match of the present time.

Last week we gave a portrait of Gama—now let us consider Zbysco.

It will be remembered that when the "Lion of the Punjab" threw out his sensational challenges in these columns to Gotch, Hackenschmidt, Zbysco, and all the other white champions, the last-named was the only one to respond.

We mention this fact in justice to Zbysco, because some nasty remarks have been made about him from time to time in the Sporting Press. Moreover, it must be mentioned that the Gama-Zbysco match articles were signed fully a week before those with Dr. Roller.

Zbysco is a Galician. He is 30 years of age, and the following are his measurements:—Weight, 18 stone; height, 5 ft. 9 ins.; chest, 55½ ins.; neck, 21 ins.; biceps, 21½ ins.; thigh, 29 ins.; calf, 18½ ins.; waist, 42 ins. Truly a formidable opponent for the Indian! In wrestling circles he is known as "The Bear"; so that the struggle at the Stadium will be between the "Lion" and the "Bear." Those who believe in history repeating itself will know how to invest their money.



ZBYSCO.

Zbysco has a splendid Continental record. It is, however, for his work in this country and America that he is best known.

Jack Curly, the manager to Dr. Roller, gave us a call a few days ago and, in discussing wrestling as a whole, said that Gotch stood out "miles ahead of all others." If that be so, then the match between Zbysco and Gama should be the best sporting struggle that has ever been witnessed—for the following reason:—On November 25th, 1909, at Buffalo, Gotch and Zbysco met, the former agreeing to throw the Galician twice in one hour or to forfeit the stakes. At this time it was generally acknowledged that Gotch was at his best, yet he failed to throw Zbysco even once. The herculean strength of Zbysco had been underestimated by Gotch. The Galician's defence surprised American critics, and for once the man who savaged Hackenschmidt found he had got more than his match. Several times Gotch worked Zbysco's toe up backward until the heel rested in the small of his back, but all to no effect. Zbysco every time, by a terrific show of immense strength, wriggled forward sufficiently to wrench away or kick Gotch's hand off with the free boot. What is known as "Gotch's deadly hold" was as nothing to Zbysco. When the fiftieth minute was called, Gotch was dragging Zbysco about and playing as rough as could be, but never once could he get anything like a hold, and when time was called he was puffing hard. He had lost his stake. So, if Curly is right about Gotch, then Zbysco must be a good handful.

Zbysco met in America Mahmout, the Turk, and gave him a severe gruelling, twice pinning both shoulders fairly on the mat.

At Cleveland, Zbysco met Raoul de Rowen. The bout was one of the roughest on record. Several times the police were about to enter the ring and interfere. The Frenchman was, however, settled in twenty-eight minutes.

Then Zbysco met Dr. Roller—Gotch's wrestling partner. The work was so rough that after two hours' fierce wrestling the police jumped into the ring and stopped the bout.

We might go on and mention at least a score more men of note whom Zbysco has defeated, but the foregoing will be quite sufficient to show that Gama will have a rough customer to tackle, and that the match at the Stadium on September 10th will live in history.

Zbysco is training at Brighton, and when we visited him a few days ago he was as hard as nails. He has for his coach Mr. Bankier, well-known in sporting circles, who informed us that he is confident of the success of his man. The particular line upon which he bases his opinion is that when Zbysco met Gotch in America the Galician was by no means in condition. He argues also that Gama has never met a really good man, while his charge has met all the best known wrestlers in the world. Zbysco, however, is taking no chances so far as training goes—indeed, he asserts that this is the first time he has ever really trained, and that on September 10th it will be found that he is equally as fast as Gama. Alertness, combined with his great weight, he argues, must make him the winner. Every morning at six he rises and has a plunge in the sea, then a good rub down and a sharp walk until 8.30, at which time he has breakfast, consisting of six mutton chops, tea, dry toast, and a good quantity of fruit. Breakfast over, he walks to the Brighton Racecourse, and works from 10.30 to 12 sprinting, throwing a heavy ball, and various body movements, which include deep breathing. After this he walks back to his hotel and lunches at 2 p.m.—just the ordinary Englishman's lunch, minus fluid of any description. He then rests until 4 p.m., after which he does some light wrestling. A few days before the match he will take up heavy wrestling. Zbysco is a believer in massage—this is administered for a full hour each day by a qualified surgeon.

THE ARTIST.

By Frank Baker.

"He's god id there still, I see."

The dark, lustrous eyes of the man were fixed on a small, fragile-looking table which occupied the centre of the window.

The other goods on show were not noticed; the man's eyes were rivetted on the piece in the centre. The connoisseur was criticising his own work.

* * * * * *

An hour later the man entered the shop carrying with him a similar table, covered with a loose cloth. This he removed as the proprietor approached.

"Nod to-day, Felix."

"Bud look at id. Id's the best one yed."

Old Joel was not inclined to buy, and said so. Still, a glance at the table sufficed to fix his attention, and he, in silence, was forced to admire the skill which had brought forth such an artistic triumph. The fat fingers sought the polished surface. Satisfied with the touch, he raised the table and vainly sought some defect by closely searching for evidence of some slip-shod bit of work.

The beady eyes of old Joel gave little indication of the admiration he felt as his trained mind realised the perfection of detail and the beauty of the finished article.

"But I have nod sold the one you made last week."

"This is bedder than id. You know it is. Look!"

And with pride the artist brought out fondly and forcibly the chief points of beau'y. The buyer was wavering.

"How mooch?"

"Eight pounds; nod a penny less."

"Rubbish. I can'd sell ad the price. I have tried to sell the other one, bud no one will have id, an' id was five pounds. Take id away, Felix."

"Here! I wand the money. Seven pounds; no less."

"No; I cannod give more than five."

The bargaining was here interrupted by the entrance of a lady customer. With a gesture to Felix to retire further into the show-room, Joel immediately assumed his best salesman's demeanour and was at the lady's service.

"I wish to see a small table which you have in the centre of the window."

"Certainly, madam." A moment later the table was beside her.

"I want a table such as this, but it must be genuine."

"This you may rely on as a genuine Louis Seize."

"There are so many spurious things about. One has to be very careful," remarked the prospective customer.

"Oh, quite true, madam. But this is from the collection of Baron Coldefete, and is absolutely *bona-fide*."

"I like it very much," the lady admitted, as Joel again rested the table gently in position, after pointing out the many indications of its character. "What is its price?"

"Forty-five guineas, madam."

No surprise was expressed, and Joel breathed freely.

"Oh, what a charming table!" the customer exc'a'med, as she, for the first time, caught sight of the table which Felix was endeavouring to sell. "Is this also genuine?"

"All my goods are genuine. It is of the correct period and absolutely reliable, but I wish to make sure that it was of the collection of the Countess Zoxira before I place it on show."

"It is very charming. I like it better than the other one. What is its price?"

"Forty guineas, madam, as it is now."

"Well, I will chance that."

Then the lady informed Joel that she was staying at the "Cecil." Would he send there for the cash, afterwards pack the table and forward it to her place in Wiltshire? As he chartered a taxi for the lady, Joel lived in another world; but as he returned he saw Felix calmly covering the table preparatory to its removal.

It would be impossible to give an exact reproduction of the scene which followed. There was much screaming of acrimonious broken English, interspersed at irregular intervals with a splash of brilliant oratory of a violently personal character and much slicing of the air.

It ended in Felix leaving the premises with £20.

* * * * * *

"Yes; you did id very well, Marie," remarked the artist approvingly to the lady from the "Cecil," later in the evening. "We will have a good time to-night, and to-morrow I will make some more tables."

MODERN MEN.

I.—THE HEARTY HUMBUG

By Mary Meadows.

He always talks at the top of a deep bass voice. I hope that isn't a bull, but you know what I mean. Anyhow, he sounds like the Bull of Bashan. His laugh is like Niagara—incessant and wet and frothy, and all about nothing. When he says "Good morning" or "Nasty weather for the time of year," a stranger would suppose some huge joke was intended. But there is no merriment in the noise.

He shakes hands like a vice or a gorilla, driving all your rings into your fingers and making you want to wring them in agony. He is forever slapping people on the back or digging them in the ribs, or indulging in some such acrobatic exercise. He will call perfect strangers "Old man" or "My dear chap" without any provocation. He is quite an artist in offering indefinite invitations to meals—"You really must come and have a bit of dinner with me soon, old dear—just a bird and a bottle." Very often he extracts real invitations in return.

He is full of tales about his generosity. You are to believe that his purse is always yawning to disgorge for the needy, but he has an unfortunate habit of leaving it at home. No one was ever more profuse with money—belonging to other people. I have known him to take a taxi to cross the road. He was full of solicitude lest I should wet my feet. Then I had to pay, for he had nothing smaller than a five-pound note.

Sport! Never was there such an Admirable Crichton. The recital of all the blues he has won (in the imagination of his heart) would make any living athlete green with envy. He is always ready for a gamble and always owes his losses, which are rare. He can retail football news out of the halfpenny papers for hours and hours, but he usually retails it wrong.

Sympathy! He is an ever-ready listener to those in trouble or distress. But he proclaims every confidence upon the house-tops unless secrecy helps him to use the information for his own ends. I must caution you, whenever he arrests your attention, that all you tell him may be used in evidence against you.

I often wonder how far he contrives to fool himself. His dirty habits are evidence of manliness. His rudeness illustrates his sincerity. His table-manners proclaim his indifference to merely carnal appetites. His poltroonery, when brawls seem imminent, must be attributed to the refinement of his nature. But he is ever ready to kick the absent round the room and punch their noses, and provoke them to mortal combat. A Gargantuan Chesterfield. A Quixotic Falstaff. A Johnsonian Caliban.

He makes love to every woman while betraying his supreme contempt for our sex. His terms of endearment are such as fools address to lap-dogs. If he did so, he would be bitten off-hand. He makes a great show of gallantry, offering chairs when you want to stand, opening doors when you don't want to go out, providing wraps in warm weather. My mind's eye can see him pushing you violently aside at a fire or shipwreck, even at the entrance to an omnibus.

With these few kind words, I bid him a long farewell.

JOHN BULL COAL CLUB.

In response to numerous requests from our readers, we have decided to extend the date of application until August 27th. After that date, a limited number of members will be accepted at a 1s. per ton advance over our fixed prices, which are as follows:—

Principal Merchants' Lowest Summer Prices.	Per ton.	John Bull's Coal Club's Fixed Prices.	Per ton.
Best Silkstone	24/-	Best Silkstone	23/-
Best Derby Brights ..	23/-	Best Derby Brights ..	22/-
Best House Nuts ..	22/-	Best House Nuts ..	21/-
Best Kitchen Cobbles ..	21/-	Best Kitchen Cobbles	20/-
Best Kitchen Nuts ..	20/-	Best Kitchen Nuts ..	19/-

Delivery made within radius of 8 miles from G.P.O. Orders outside this radius and up to 10 miles at actual increased cost of cartage.

The correspondence has been so heavy that we have been unable to answer everyone. All letters are being dealt with in rotation. Communications to be addressed to the Manager, John Bull Coal Club, 21 and 22, Walbrook, E.C. (London Wall, 6542).

WORMWOOD SCRUBBS.

HOW RICH AND POOR ARE TREATED IN ONE OF H.M. PRISONS.

Certain facts have been placed before us with respect to the treatment of prisoners at Wormwood Scrubbs. We have verified these statements as far as possible, and we think they should be made known in order that the Home Secretary may cause enquiry to be made, and if they are substantiated, put an end to a very gross abuse.

Our information is that there is wide difference between the treatment of poor and rich. The poor are often treated with great brutality—the rich with indulgence. The majority of the prisoners are without means.

George Painter, now of 1, Lime Street, Aldershot, was sentenced to 12 months' imprisonment, which he spent at the Scrubbs. He was always in trouble whilst there, and nearly always on punishment diet, and punishment treatment generally. He would have 14 days' punishment diet, which means bread and water, and 14 days with his hands handcuffed behind him. This went on for pretty well the whole of the time he was in the jail, so much so that at last the Visiting Magistrates stopped the punishment, as his health was seriously affected by it.

Thos. Jesspot was sentenced to 12 months' imprisonment and confined at the Scrubbs. For 3½ months he was on the punishment diet we have described above. For 6 weeks, as we are assured, this man's hands were handcuffed behind him. The thing seems incredible, but we are assured upon oath that it is true. For one hour a day the handcuffs were taken off.

A man named Cunningham, C258, sentenced to 18 months, and confined at Wormwood Scrubbs, was ill for four days recently. His stomach turned against the prison fare, and he asked the doctor for a little nourishing food. Said the medical man, "If you cannot eat your food, then you will starve."

Another prisoner at Wormwood Scrubbs, whose term of imprisonment does not expire till July 4th, 1911, is a foreigner named Albrecht, C247. He appealed to the Governor, and was taken from his cell to interview him. On the top of the stairs the warders kicked him and otherwise ill-treated him. Afterwards he tried to hang himself.

These are instances of the way in which, as we are assured, prisoners of the meaner sort are treated. If the statements be true, they disclose a state of things which is a disgrace to the authorities. We suggest to the Home Secretary that competent enquiry should be made into these allegations, and by competent enquiry we mean enquiry by persons who will not allow themselves to be humbugged by those whose interest it is to conceal things.

But it is not only the penniless who go to Wormwood Scrubbs. Occasionally men who have still considerable financial resources find themselves there. For example, the man Benson, of Feltham's Bank notoriety, was taken there in September of last year. He remained there till Christmas, and was in the Infirmary the whole of the time, where his dietary was a liberal one. He, however, suffered from diabetes.

A man who describes himself as "a private gentleman," lately resident at Hastings, a person of considerable means, was sentenced last year to five years' penal servitude. He, too, went to Wormwood Scrubbs, and during the whole of the time he was there he was in the Infirmary. It was not seriously suggested that he was ill.

Perhaps the most striking case is that of Rowland Hirst, ex-Mayor of Stepney. He had been Mayor there for three years running, and was a publican owning a number of "houses." He, it will be remembered, was charged with misappropriating public funds. He was tried at the Central Criminal Court before Mr. Justice Phillimore, who sentenced him to two years' imprisonment and a fine of £200. As soon as he got into the prison Hirst petitioned the Home Secretary to reduce his sentence, and he got four months off. The whole time that he was in prison, as we are assured, he was in the Infirmary. They said he had the gout. His diet consisted of new-laid eggs, special pots of tea, thin bread-and-butter for breakfast. At dinner, he had fish, chops, steaks, chicken, bread, custard, soda and milk.

Such is the tale that is told us, and so far as we have been able to test it, told us truly. What does the Home Secretary say to it?

THE SPREAD OF CATHOLICISM.

WHERE DID MR. ASQUITH GET HIS FIGURES?

In the course of his speech introducing the King's Declaration Bill, the Prime Minister said:—

> The Roman Catholic subjects of the Crown have grown enormously in number and importance. They have spread over the length and breadth of the British Empire. They are said to amount, and we have no reason to question the estimate, to twelve millions in number.

Language of this kind is calculated to persuade those who have not the means, or inclination, to study the question for themselves, that the Roman Catholic Church is making great headway in the United Kingdom and Greater Britain. The facts in no way warrant this opinion. The Roman Catholics in England and Wales number roughly 1,250,000. The astonishing thing is that with a normal growth of population they do not number two millions or more. Some ten years ago the Roman Catholic Bishop Pattison gravely expressed a hope that the conversion of England would not come too suddenly. It was a common enough phrase in those days; it is less common now. The Roman Catholic clergy know that they are fighting a stern fight, not to extend, but to preserve their domain in England. They can count to-day barely more than half the number they should have if they had merely held their own without making a single convert. The Church of Rome has lost more heavily in Great Britain than in any other country except France. This may seem a hard saying, but if any of our readers are disposed to question it we invite them to study a book recently published by the Reverend Joseph McCabe—"The Decay of the Church of Rome." Father McCabe has given many years to the study of this question. He has an exceptional knowledge of the working of the Church which was once his own, and he has brought to the examination of the question a judicial impartiality rare in these investigations. Father McCabe points out that the central fact of the situation is the dispersal of the Irish throughout the Anglo-Saxon communities. This fully accounts for the apparent increase of Catholicism in not only England, but Greater Britain. The increase is due to migration. A million Irish Catholics emigrated into England in the course of the nineteenth century, and there is nothing remarkable in the fact that the Catholics of England to-day number 1,250,000.

The conversion of Newman in 1845 gave the Roman Catholic Church the finest advertisement it ever had in England. In 1850 we find a list of 200 converted Anglican clergymen. Before the end of the century Cardinal Vaughan extended the list to 556, and added 256 lawyers and physicians, and "about 100 Admirals, Generals and Field Officers." To complete the ornamental part of these gains we must add, according to Mr. Gordon Gorman's "Converts to Rome," 32 baronets and many members of the nobility. And in the train of this gilded band went many ordinary men and women. But it was the Irish invasion that added the really substantial bulk to Roman Catholicism in England. Mr. Davitt may have exaggerated when in 1902 he said that of the 1,250,000 Roman Catholics in England, only 100,000 are English, but there is no doubt that the enormous majority are Irish. At the census of 1881 it was found that there were then living in England 781,119 persons who had been born in Ireland, and as most of these had come over more than 30 years before, a fresh generation of Irish-born Catholics had appeared. The Abbot Gasquet assigns 146,000 Roman Catholics to London in 1829. As the population of the city has increased fourfold since then, and there has been an enormous immigration of Irish, Italian, French and German Catholics, and an intense proselytic activity, what should they number to-day? They *do* number about 120,000. A Catholic authority computes that there were 800,000 Catholics in England in 1841. As the population of England has more than doubled since 1841, these should now be 1,700,000, and to them we should add (to date) two million Catholics of Irish descent, and some 300,000 further Italian and German Catholics. This would give an actual Catholic population of four millions. In point of fact the Roman Catholic population is about 1,250,000.

All told, the Roman Catholics in the British Empire at the date of the latest statistics numbered not, as the Prime Minister said, 12,000,000, but roughly 9,570,000. The total population was 392,846,835

"FOREIGNERS" IN PARLIAMENT.

A PARLIAMENT OF NATIONS.

By Harold Macfarlane.

Some few months ago, when Mr. Newdigate asked the Chancellor of the Exchequer whether he would consider the feasibility of putting a tax on every person of foreign extraction employed in the United Kingdom who had not become a naturalised British subject, Captain Craig, M.P., slyly remarked, "Is the hon. gentleman aware that this would hit some Members of the House rather hard?" a query which naturally provoked much amusement in an assembly which included a very considerable number of members who were not born on British soil.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc, for example, who was elected in 1906 for North Salford, and who claimed some little time ago to be "the only man in this House who has been in compulsory service," again responds to the call over, and with him arrive on the scene a number of other Members having cosmopolitan associations. As a matter of fact, Mr. Belloc, as behoved a son of France, served as a driver in the 8th Regiment of French Artillery at Toul, Meurthe-et-Moselle, and his experience of conscription has seemingly led him to the conclusion that compulsory service in England is impossible.

Sir Thomas Esmonde, the only baronet in the Nationalist Party and a great-grandson of Henry Grattan, the famous Irish patriot and orator, again, if he represented the place of his birth, would be known as the Member for Pau, having been born in that Pyrenean resort in 1862. Sir Thomas, by the way, like Mr. Belloc, has had some experience of the artillery branch of the Army, but in his case it was while he was in the British Army that he smelled powder, or its modern and more powerful equivalent. Captain V. D. Pirie (North Aberdeen), the third aspirant for the honour of representing la Belle France at Westminster, was, as a matter of fact, actually born in his constituency, but he may be said to possess close French associations, inasmuch as his mother was a Frenchwoman, *née* de Labrosse, and his father lived at the Chateau de Varennes. In spite of all temptations, however, to belong to other nations, to quote Sir William Gilbert, Mr. Pirie remained an Englishman, was for some time an officer in the 3rd Hussars and served in the Egyptian and Soudan wars.

Born in Hamburg in 1834, Mr. Gustav Wilhelm Wolff might very well be sitting in the Reichstag to-day had not the Fates turned his footsteps to England and eventually to Belfast, for the Eastern division of which he now sits. Sir Emil Hugo Oscar Ropner, ex-M.P. for Stockton, whose father was a native of Magdeburg, Prussia, and who was another quondam subject of the Kaiser, no longer sits in the Parliament of the country whose volunteer decoration for long service he wears, but in his place comes Mr. Arthur Strauss (Paddington, North), who was born at Mayence in 1847 and educated at Teutonic universities, but settled in the metropolis at an early age.

The nearest approach to an Austrian Member in the last Parliament was Mr. W. C. Heaton-Armstrong (ex-M.P. for South Suffolk), who, although he possesses no birth qualification to play for Austria, had a mother who was an Austrian lady, and a wife, the Baroness Bertha Maximiliana Zois-Edelstein, who was also of Austrian birth; to-day the dual Empire's representative is Mr. J. T. T. Lincoln, who was returned for Darlington by the narrow majority of 29. Mr. Lincoln, who was at one time a Church of England clergyman, though his name is singularly lacking in the Magyar "touch," was a Hungarian, but is now naturalised.

Mr. G. L. Chiozza Money, the ex-Member for Paddington (North), who was born in Genoa, Italy, on June 13th, 1870, is no longer in the House to look after the interests of the country of his birth, if he had them at heart, which is open to query in view of the fact that his knowledge of foreign languages stops short of the Italian tongue, the result mayhap of leaving the country of his birth in his early infancy; and the same must be left to Mr. Nannetti, of College Green, whose father was an Italian sculptor.

Switzerland boasts no British Member of Parliament, but in the event of her interests being jeopardised she would doubtless find a champion in Mr. J. F. Brunner (Northwich), whose father, Sir John T. Brunner, on one occasion said, "My father was a Swiss, my mother was a Manxwoman, and I was born in Liverpool," but it cannot be said that the Playground of Europe has a very strong call upon the new Member, though in her hour of need the spirit that imbued William Tell will assuredly incite the member for the Northwich Division of Cheshire to buckle on his skis and fly to her rescue.

Portugal has no son in the House, it is believed, but in Mr. Ernest Joseph Soares (the cognomen in Portuguese being Suarez), she can claim a member whose descent is distinctly Portuguese. Mr. Soares, who represents the Barnstaple division of Devonshire, married the daughter of a retired American merchant, Mr. Lord, and has, consequently, cosmopolitan associations.

Of the Colonial-born members in the House, the Rt. Hon. Thomas James Macnamara takes a foremost position. The son of a private soldier, Dr. Macnamara is one of the Members for North America, having been born at Montreal, in 1861, fifteen years before the ex-Member for the Wisbech division of Cambridgeshire, Mr. A. C. Beck, first saw the light in South Africa and three years after Mr. Andrew Bonar Law (Dulwich) was born in New Brunswick.

Another Canadian-born Member is Mr. James Allen Baker (Finsbury, East) who was born at Mapleridge Farm, Trenton, Ontario; while yet another, Sir Gilbert Parker, who, though born in the land of "Pierre and his People," migrated from the city of his birth, Toronto, to the Green Benches of Westminster. Mr. Hamar Greenwood, the ex-Member for York, who has served in the Canadian Militia, and who was born at Whitby, Ontario, has left us, but has been succeeded by Mr. Alfred St. George Hamersley (Woodstock), who has practised at the Bar in both New Zealand and Vancouver, and Mr. Macmaster (Chertsey), who also practised at the Dominion Bar, and was at one time Member for Glengarry. When Mr. Macmaster was returned for Chertsey he was the recipient of more than 200 telegrams and cables of congratulation; of these, 50 hailed from the land of the Maple Leaf, from whence comes Mr. Joseph Martin (St. Pancras, East), who before he represented his present constituency at St. Stephen's was one of Winnipeg's representatives in the Canadian Parliament.

Mr. A. Fell (Great Yarmouth), though he cannot claim to be Macaulay's famous Aboriginal, was, nevertheless, born in New Zealand in 1850. Dr. W. A. Chapple (Stirlingshire) is another New Zealander now sitting at St. Stephen's after twenty years' service as a medical practitioner in the country of his birth. Dr. Chapple, ere he returned to the Mother Country, represented the Tuapeka electorate in the Parliament of New Zealand, and is, therefore, not without legislative experience.

The Member for Cape Colony at Westminster to-day is Mr. C. S. Goldman (Falmouth), who was born there in 1868, and who for a considerable time lived in the Transvaal, while Mr. Hubert W. Carr-Gomm (Rotherhithe) has a birth qualification to represent our Indian territory.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS.—CII.

A SADLY REDUCED MAN.

Can any of our readers help this man? We have satisfied ourselves as to the truth of his statements, and shall be happy to put any reader in communication with the writer:—

Age next birthday, 55. Was formerly in business, and at one time employed 600 workpeople. Managed it myself, working almost night and day; frequently travelled to Ireland and other parts of the United Kingdom, selling my own productions. Lived in a villa, with stables, etc., attached. Kept horses and carriages. Did a shipping trade with South Africa; but the bad debts, owing to the war and the creditors absconding, brought me to grief. Had I stuck to the home trade, where I was doing wonderfully well, should have been a rich man to-day. But nobody could foresee the war. By losing my money I lost my friends, and have drifted lower and lower ever since. Not through drink, or anything wrong, simply wealthy former friends don't want to be troubled by now poor ones, because they fear "you may want helping."

Wife, aged 55, keeps lodgers, and makes a living thereby, a bit of the furniture being given to her, as an act of grace, by the creditors under the bankruptcy. One son, aged 25, an electrical engineer, doing well (clever), living with mother. No other children. Wife's father, mother, sister and brother all living. My father, mother, sister, brother all dead. Don't know I have a single relative living. My house and business were in Leeds, but having got poor, white-haired and shabbily dressed, was sneered at by former friends. My wife and son refused to let me live with them, and, having been a master, I have difficulty in getting employment, and when I did get it, I had to go to small firms, who, having sucked dry my brains of customers' names, prices, etc., my services were no longer needed. From Leeds, almost starving, no home, relatives or friends, and frequently no work, I walked on to Bradford, having no money to pay railway fare, and but a copper or two for food. Tried for work there, but no good; got a little help from a friend, who advised me to try Halifax, where I might fare better for employment. So walked there (or rather here), Halifax. Have got occasional parcels to carry in the street for a few coppers; have pushed out an invalid's chair for one day a week (once or twice two days a week, but only one day for some time); payment 2s. per day. Have got a bit of help from old business firms I bought from, but very little, and thus eked out a starving existence. This is a 4d. a night lodging-house; clean, honest, but very poor; a great change from my old days.

Finis.—To-day I am on the verge of starvation, as have continuously not been able to get work. Even bill delivery at 1s. 3d. per day was snapped at by two men, who offered to do it for 1s. and got the work. My clothes, hat, shirt, socks, everything done. Cannot replace them, taking me all my time to pay 2s. a week lodgings, and a bit of food, never enough. Well might the poet say, "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." To-day, Sunday, as I write this "Page torn from the Book of Life," I wonder—I wonder—is there a God? No friends, no home, very little money—and sadness too great for words. Suicide is the way out. Shall I? God help me! My experience and memories as a Minister's secretary, a Sunday school librarian, a teacher, a writer of religious stories say no. My poverty and distress of mind say yes! And now I have written my "Swan Song" I will take a walk in the park here and brood. I know not whether my existence may be prolonged another week. But—and this I am determined upon—unless there is a change, and a rapid one, in my circumstances, I will learn the "Grand Secret." Is there rest for the weary? Is there a hope in eternity? or have I been hugging a chimera to my soul? Yet a little while and I will know.

We have received, on behalf of the writers of Human Documents, the following moneys, which have been remitted:—No. C.: E. T., 10s.; Hovite, 10s. No. XCIX.: F. W,. 15s.; "Militantii Suffragettii," 5s. No. XCVIII.: The sum of 2s. 6d. from "Inasmuch."

We have also received, on behalf of Edmond O'Brien, the sum of 10s. from "A Sympathiser."

WE have complaints of a person trading as the Handy Telephone Chart Company, formerly working from an address in Farringdon Street, now of 64, Chancery Lane. Have any of our readers had dealings with this "Company," or a Mr. Duval?

What is Your Number?

See Page iii. of Cover.

MY BROTHER'S KEEPER.

Yes, your contributions flow
To the savoury Eskimo,
And the men of Borneo,
They do;
And you spend your thousands, dears,
To proselytize the spheres,
And "convert" to your ideas
A single Jew.
You'd ship tons of bread and cheese
To the starving Chimpanzees,
You'd build hospitals for fleas
In Timbuctoo;
But the myriads, here and nigh,
Who must want, and starve, and die?
"They've themselves to blame!" you cry—
And you?

You send dressing-gowns and rugs
To the genial, gentle Thugs,
You buy jackets for your pugs,
You do;
You make miles and miles of speech
On the moral laws that teach
Us to feed and clothe and breech
The far Hindoo.
And you strive to justify
The poor Anthropophagi,
And you extol to the sky
The nigger crew;
But for thousands on your way
Who are falling day by day,
Have you one kind word to say?
Have you?

If their hides are black as night,
Yellow—anything but white—
You will lead them in the light,
Won't you?
Should it happen that they come
Born and bred from British slum,
"For such hopeless scum of scum
What can one do?"
You're your brother's keeper! Yes,
If he wears a scanty dress
In the simple happiness
Of Nukapu;
But Starvation's Infidel?
He's an Englishman! And—well,
He can go his road to Hell,
For you!

GUNBY HADATH.

A JOB FOR "K. OF K."

WHY NOT TURN LECTURER?

IS AUSTRALIA THE WORKER'S PARADISE?

MR. TOM MANN GIVES HIS VIEWS AND EXPERIENCES.

Mr. Tom Mann, the well-known Labour leader, who has just returned from a stay of some eight and a half years in Australia, was good enough to give a John Bull representative an interesting expression of his opinion upon the relative value of wages there and here.

Speaking from the standpoint of the average mechanic, and allowing for difference in purchasing power, he estimates that a man whilst at work in Australia has an advantage of 7s. 6d. a week, as the rate of pay is 10s. per day of eight hours. The labourer's wage (as settled by the best Award they have ever received—that of Mr. Justice Higgins) is 7s. per day, but, of course, many are working for less than this, even for as little as 5s. 6d. or 5s.

This scale applies to farm labourers, for about only one month in twelve, *i.e.*, during the harvest time. Ordinary farm work is paid for at the rate of 15s. per week and food, an all-round experienced man getting 20s. and food for a week of seven days. Many, however, get much less, some starting at 5s.

One of the representative industries of Queensland is sugar production. In the crushing mills, which have always been worked by white men, the working hours are twelve per shift—that is, the mills run all the twenty-four hours round with two shifts of men. The wages of these men are 22s. 6d. per week and food, but the work lasts only for from five to six months in the year, and upon its termination ninety per cent. of these men must clear out and "hump the billy"—the expressive phrase for carrying blanket and "billy" (tea can)—seeking work, and probably getting on the average not more than one week in four, for the other half-year. That means it is utterly impossible for there to be any domestic life, as the man is always on the tramp, save when he is at the sugar mills and is then in barracks. This is typical of Queensland.

As to the other States, taking Victoria as a sample, much of the land is equal to the best in the world—and in ten of the western counties of that State it is the very best. During the period Mr. Tom Mann was in Australia, he spent the major portion of his time in Victoria and says much free talk was indulged in by the politicians as to the urgent necessity of more men, particularly as "land cultivators," and this in face of the fact that, in consequence of land monopoly, during a period of twenty years the agricultural population of the ten counties referred to actually fell by sixteen thousand. Australia is a young country, but not so young that the monopolists are not already there, entrenched as firmly as in Europe or America, and having complete grip and control over the land. Many young farmers, who had been born and reared in Victoria, were compelled against their inclination to leave their native state, indeed, instances could be given of whole families—and farmers' families at that—having to so migrate for no other reason than that there was no land obtainable.

Ballarat, called "The Golden City of Victoria," is, as its name implies, a mining locality. The miners receive for day-work 7s. 6d. per day, but only one half of them are able to get work with a fixed wage; the other half work as "tributors"—that is, form themselves into parties of four men, who undertake a contract with the proprietors under which they receive no wage whatever unless, and until, they produce gold. From weeks to months they struggle to exist. When gold is discovered they have to pay 50 per cent. to the proprietors, and to submit to the deduction out of the remaining moiety of the whole cost of working, such as lighting, blasting and "mulluck," or dirt, removal. In the end, the average earnings under this system work out at about 20s. a week. These men are Colonials, and only stay in such a centre because there are no means of travel or encouragement given; besides they know the impossibility of improving their position. There is also the tenacious family instinct which upholds them.

There is, as yet, no state or national effort of a practical character to develop the land, although, despite strenuous opposition by the monopolists, an agitation with that object is now in process of creation. This movement, however, is not likely to achieve success for many years to come.

"It is a mistake to think the Old Country is played out," said Mr. Mann. "There are quite as many means for the development of this country as of Australia, with more conscientiousness in the demand for Land Reform. It simply means 'Wake up, United Kingdom.'"

"THE BREAK-UP OF THE SALVATION ARMY."

In our next issue we shall publish some astounding revelations bearing upon this matter.

THE CASE OF ELIZABETH PENFOLD.

THE CHAIRMAN OF THE ENFIELD MAGISTRATES EXPLAINS.

Apropos our recent Open Letter to the Enfield magistrates, the Chairman sends us a copy of a communication sent by the Clerk to the Home Secretary (who had requested their observations upon the case), in which it is stated that Lizzie Penfold had four charges of larceny preferred against her in respect of articles stolen from two laundries at which she had been employed, the thefts being spread over the period commencing September 14th, 1909, and ending July 1st. After hearing the first case, the Bench, owing to the illness of the son of the prisoner, suggested to the prosecutors in the other three cases that they should withdraw their prosecutions and that the woman should be dealt with on the one case only, and this they consented to do. Out of sympathy with her with regard to the serious illness of her son, the justices had remanded her on her own bail for two weeks, so that she should not be away from him, but being convinced that she had been guilty of deliberate and systematic robberies, felt that they could not do less than fine her £5, with a month's imprisonment in default, giving her time in which to pay the fine. The justices were convinced that the woman was not driven to commit the thefts through poverty or the illness of her son, as when her house was searched there were 116 articles of household linen, some with valuable lace on them, and other articles of expensive wearing apparel, the value of which is estimated at from £30 to £50; there were also pawntickets relating to 75 other articles of the like nature. She had been earning £1 for four days' work a week from the laundry, and had in addition done other work at home. Her daughter, who has been living at home, has also been earning 13s. a week, and her mother, also living with her, has a pension of 15s. a week. The fine has been paid.

LAW GUARANTEE TRUST AND MR. HAYDEN.

In a recent article upon the Law Guarantee Trust and Accident Society, we made reference to Mr. Montague Hayden's management of the hotels which have been taken over by the Society, and in alluding to the Tudor Hotel we said that Mr. Hayden had converted a substantial profit into a loss during his management. Our statement was based upon information on which we had a right to rely, but Mr. Hayden has since satisfied us that under his management the trading loss was very materially decreased.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

PURE AND SIMPLE.

(*The "Daily Telegraph," in its leading articles, now refers to the Chancellor of the Exchequer as "Mr. George"—only that and nothing more.*)

Perhaps 'tis "writ sarcastic," but
The victim must be joyed
To shine in sweet simplicity—
A George all una-Lloyd!

STERN JUSTICE.

(*At Tunbridge Wells a lad was fined six shillings or seven days for trespassing on the railway. With tears in his eyes he told the Bench he had to keep his widowed mother and, being too poor to buy flowers, was gathering wild ones for his father's grave.*)

May it be long before those beaks
Go to their well-earned rest;
But, when that time arrives, there'll be
"No flowers—by request!" Ricardo.

We have received from the Float Electric Co. Ltd., of 493, Adam Street, New Kent Road, S.E., an extremely pretty novelty depicting "John Bull" and "Japan"—two figures in character, standing in front of a lamp post which is electrically lighted. It is not only ornamental, but it is most useful as an emergency night-light.

In reply to several correspondents who have communicated with us in reference to our recent report upon the Macaura treatment, we can only state that the report speaks for itself, and that our opinion was expressed after a personal investigation of the merits of the invention by a member of our staff, and, until we have proof to the contrary, we shall continue to believe that the machine is capable of doing, and does, what we have described.

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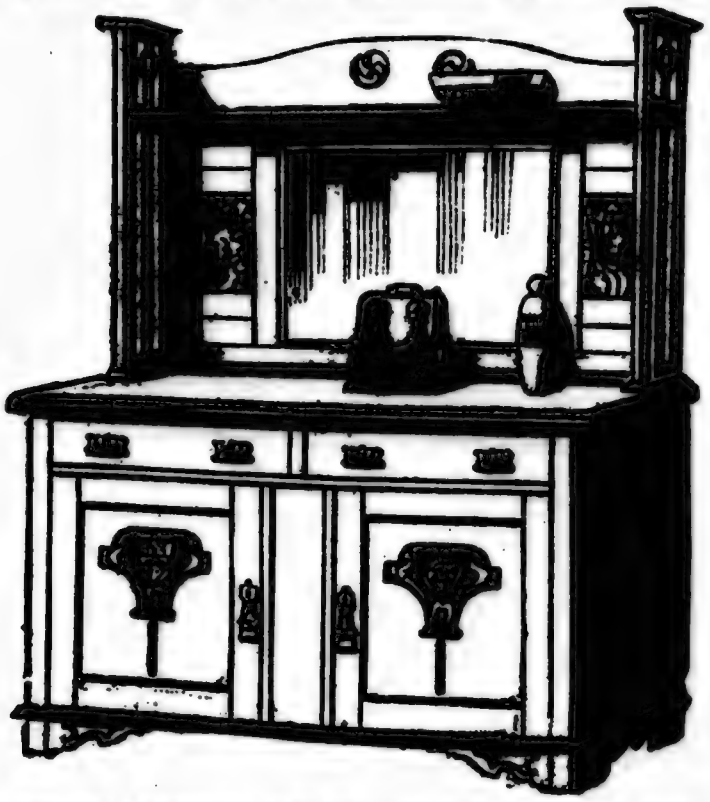
50	1 8 0	1,000	22 10 0
100	2 5 0	2,000	45 0 0

Any amount pro rata or by other proportionate payments if desired.



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THE UBIQUITY OF SCOTT.

COINCIDENCES AT THE TAUNTON AND DISTRICT DOG SHOW.

Recently the "Eighth Great Championship Dog Show," at Vivery Park, under the auspices of the Taunton and District Dog Association, was held. It was a very successful affair, apparently due to the presence of Scott. If Scott had stayed away, we should say, in the light of the awards, that the whole thing would have been a dismal, dreary, and disastrous failure. The people of Taunton and district, therefore, owe a debt of gratitude to Scott. But let us differentiate. There were, in fact, two Scotts—to wit, Mr. J. Scott, a member of the Taunton and District Dog Association Executive Committee, and Mr. H. Scott, honorary secretary of the same. Now Scott and Scott are dog breeders, though the one is a hairdresser and the other a jeweller. They not only breed good dogs, but, still with our eyes on the prize list, we should say that if they ceased to breed there would be no good dogs in Taunton district. Breeding good dogs, and one of them being on the Committee of the Association and the other the hon. secretary of same as aforesaid, they naturally did their best to show what the Scotts could do when they are put to it. They therefore set to with a will and when the Eighth Great Championship opened they were here, there, and everywhere. They swept the board. On our counting, they swept it twenty times. They took home £11 5s. in prize money. They took home three silver cups value £8 8s. They took home fish-carvers value £2 2s. They took home a gold medal. They took home a silver napkin ring. They took home a quarter of lamb. They took home a leg of mutton; and if there had been a prize of mint sauce, we verily believe they would have taken that home, too. All these were rewards of merit, awarded by judges who probably understand dogs a great deal better than we do, and we will, of course, assume that the fact of both these great Scotts being officials of the Dog Association did not influence their decision in the slightest degree.

But what is peculiar is that on the day previous to the holding of the Taunton show, the Scotts exhibited at Weston-super-Mare, and only succeeded in winning trifling prizes, though this may prove nothing more than that the Scotts suffered a grave misfortune. What is still more peculiar is that, by the rules, all entries, names of dogs, and so forth, had to be sent in to Mr. H. Scott, the secretary, prior to the Taunton show, so that he must have known beforehand the names of those showing in the classes of his fancy, information not available to other exhibitors; and as every fancier knows what other fanciers have, he was thus well aware what Scott and Scott should exhibit in order to stand a first-class chance of winning. We do not say Scott and Scott, or either of them, knowingly used this knowledge to anybody's disadvantage. We merely gaze on the prize list and marvel at the glittering coincidence. Nevertheless, it would be a popular rule in Taunton and District if in future any secretary, promoter, member of committee, or other official of the show were debarred from exhibiting his fancies.

And now let us draw the attention of Scott and Scott to Rule 24. "All dogs shown," it says, "must be the property of the exhibitor in whose name they are entered, and any wilful misrepresentation with regard to ownership will, on being proved to the satisfaction of the Committee, be followed by exclusion from all future exhibitions by the persons making such false statement." In addition to that rule, there is this notice: "All dogs must, previous to the Show, be registered at the Kennel Club," unless exhibited in local and district classes. With their attention called to these requirements, will Scott and Scott have the goodness to inform us, entirely for the satisfaction of other exhibitors (1) whether their papers were made out in the name of J. and H. Scott as joint owners, and (2) J. and H. Scott having six exhibits, how many licences were they holding in their own name on the day of the show? Another question which Mr. J. Scott will perhaps answer for himself personally, is whether he supplied the silver cups and other prizes for the show. We may point out to the Executive Committee that it would be contrary to the interests of this annual fixture in Taunton if any impression were to get abroad that the show is all Scott. As things are, it is easy to see that they have some advantage over other competitors, whether much or little, as long as they are officials and exhibitors at the same time. Apart from this, we will not allow ourselves even to think that there is anything wrong.

THE ARCHER-SHEE CASE.

A SCANDALOUS ABUSE OF POWER.

By A Radical.

"The noble principles of English law," writes Erskine May in a memorable passage, "had been expounded by eminent judges, and applied to the varying circumstances of society, until they had expanded into a comprehensive system of jurisprudence, entitled to respect and veneration. But however admirable its principles, its practice had departed from the simplicity of former times, and by manifold defects went far to defeat the ends of justice. Lawyers, ever following precedents, were blind to principles. Legal fictions, technicalities, obsolete forms, intricate rules of procedure accumulated. Fine intellects were wasted on the narrow subtleties of special pleading; and clients won or lost causes—like a game of chess—not by the force of truth and right, but by the skill and cunning of the players." We like to think that those times have passed, and that at least the Law Officers of the Crown no longer repel complaints as the promptings of ignorance, but the Archer-Shee case shatters this comfortable assumption. Most of us thought that demurrer to evidence was obsolete, but the Solicitor-General has not shrunk from resorting to it to protect a Government Department from the consequences of wrong-doing. Sir Rufus Isaacs told the House of Commons that a plea of demurrer is "a very technical and now almost antiquated plea," but that did not prevent his trying to use it to the ruin of an innocent lad. He had to admit that he "did not think there was any precedent," but when the father of a boy dismissed from a Government college on the ground of theft claims the right to prove his innocence in the Courts of the land, the precedent-loving lawyer dispenses with precedent in the hope that by so doing he will burke inquiry. What cares he whether the success of the trick brands an innocent boy for life as a thief? Thanks to the fact that the boy's father was able to avail himself of the services not only of one of the most eminent members of the bar, but of a man who threw himself heart and soul into the work of defence, the trick failed; but the man really responsible for its being tried—the head of the Department whose evidence had been impugned—another lawyer—they are all lawyers in this lawyer-ridden Government—boldly proclaims that he is unrepentant. "He reminded the House," said this Minister, "that it frequently happens that private rights and interests have to be sacrificed to the public good, and he should not be justified in disclaiming on the part of the Admiralty all right of demurrer merely because there were circumstances when the use of the right of demurrer operated hardly in the case of a particular individual." But where were the overmastering reasons of State in the Archer-Shee case which justified a Government Department in denying access to the Courts? There were none. Is it to the advantage of the State to make it known to fathers that if they send their boys to Osborne they place their future absolutely at the mercy of the dunderheads of the Admiralty? Forgery and theft are charged against a boy. The authorities of the school who knew him did not believe him guilty—the headmaster swore it in the box—other great public schools did not believe him guilty—one of them admitted him immediately upon his expulsion from Osborne—but a political barrister, who for our sins finds himself at the head of the Admiralty, thinks differently, and rather than admit his error, seeks by every legal trick to prevent independent inquiry that would right the wrong done. And then he prates about private right having to give way to the public good! And the House of Commons is asked to acquiesce in the claim put forward on behalf of the Admiralty that its officials had acted generously in withdrawing the charges. Generously! We should like to know where the generosity is to be found. They burked inquiry for two years. When at last it got to a Court they tried to quash it by demurrer. And when the Court of Appeal made that impossible they fought it for three days in the Court below, and threw up the sponge only when their advisers told them that a verdict for the lad was assured.

We have no longer to fear the tyranny of kings; it is the tyranny of the bureaucracy that threatens us to-day as it has never in our long island history threatened us before. The Archer-Shee incident, with the spectacle it presents of bureaucracy trying to ride roughshod over liberty is but one of the long series of indications that if the principles which now govern the affairs of the State had their full sway, liberty in England would soon be a thing of the past.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER? SEE PAGE III. OF COVER.

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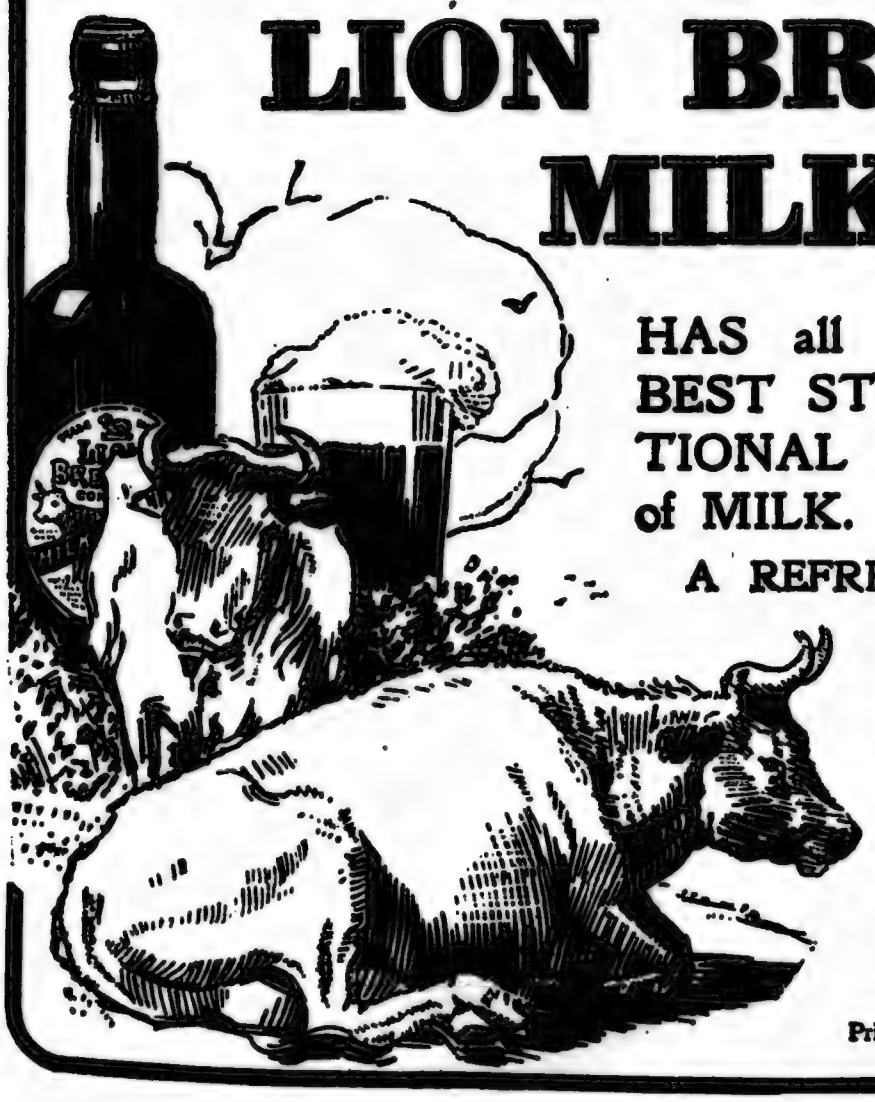

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OPEN LETTERS. POSTCARDS AND TELEGRAMS.

To the Right Hon. Sydney Buxton, M.P., President Board of Trade.

My Dear Board,—It is with considerable satisfaction I observe that you have been taking a practical interest in the statistics of population, wherefore I hasten to give a hearty welcome to the first appearance on earth of Miss Buxton, who, I am told, is a young lady of handsome physique and strong, if untrained, vocal powers; so that when she sings, the whole household knows about it. As I am minded to make suitable recognition of her precocious talents, pray present my compliments and ask her whether she prefers a rattle or a doll. "A babe in the house is a well-spring of pleasure," said the philosophic and poetic Tupper, and I trust you will find this well-spring in Miss Buxton, not only while she is cutting her teeth, but all the way to those coming days when, under an extended electoral law, she will be able to take her seat in Parliament and qualify for the high office of State you, her father, now hold. John Bull.

To T. G. Horridge, Esq., K.C., National Liberal Club, London.

My Dear Horridge,—But for your successful campaign against Mr. Balfour in East Manchester at the General Election of 1906, it is probable I should not now have the pleasure of congratulating you on your appointment as a judge of the King's Bench. Not that I question that you will adorn your high office. That might be contempt of court! Besides, you wear a smile that won't come off, and, so, I am led to believe, possess qualities eminently fitted for the seat of judgment. Let me advise you to take a recuperative holiday until the end of the Long Vacation, so that you may introduce yourself to your learned brothers and the Bar in the pink of condition. I should mention that the hours are from 10.30 to 4, with half-an-hour for luncheon, five days a week during the sittings, with most of Saturday mornings off; three months' holiday, and a salary of £5,000 a year, with expenses extra while you are on circuit. Trusting that these terms will give you satisfaction, and with hearty good wishes for your prosperity in that state of life to which it has pleased a grateful Premier to call you.

John Bull.

To the Divisional Manager, Liverpool Victoria Friendly Society, Glasgow.

Sir,—My attention is drawn to a remarkable case, reported in the *Coatbridge Leader*, in which the part played by you and your society does not appear to me to be at all creditable. To be plain, it was disgraceful. Here was a young man who had been employed as one of your collectors for a considerable time. It seems to have been customary for him to render his account every week. On May 28th he sent in his book, intimating that there was something due, and that he would pay the money, but because he did not immediately render a full account he was suspended for two days, and 0s. 4d. being found to be due to the society. Mr. Walter Beaufoy, the local superintendent, was instructed by you, sir, to prosecute him for embezzlement. Accordingly, this young man, whose wages were 15s. 1½d. a week, was dragged into court as a thief, though he had paid what was due from him, as he said he would, a fortnight previously. You know what happened, sir. Mr. Beaufoy, who had put the case in the hands of the police on your instructions, admitted that he had never had any reason to question the integrity and honesty of the man, and that from the first he had regarded the 0s. 4d. as a debt due to the society. "I did not make the charge of embezzlement," said he. The Fiscal, whom you had dragged into the business, point blank refused to have himself and the police turned into debt collectors for the benefit of your society, and withdrew from the case. Judge O'Neill, in giving his decision, said "it did look as if this insurance society were making the court a lever to force this young man to pay up," and in dismissing the case, he added that "the accused ought not to have been brought into a criminal court at all." I should think not. There seems to be almost an element of malice in the prosecution. It is not for me to say what the directors of your society think of the conduct of their chief representative in Glasgow, but I think I know what most other people will think of it. They will regard it as I regard it—oppressive, spiteful and unjust. John Bull.

To the Chief Constable, Glasgow.

Sir,—You were recently active in obtaining the cancellation of the licence of a certain Glasgow club owing to the errors of some of its members. I do not, however, perceive any signs of your activity in connection with the Freemasons' Halls of the city, none of which is registered as a club, yet they are stored with alcoholic refreshment, which they supply *ad lib.* to their members. Is there a special law for Glasgow Freemasons? If so, will you be good enough to refer me to the statute in that behalf made and provided?

In the meantime, I am bound to regard these halls as illicit drinking saloons. I believe you are not a Mason, so it may be you are not officially aware of their existence; but I understand that Superintendent Mennie, one of your subordinates, is in a position to give full particulars, for he has place of honour in the Craft, and is well aware of all that goes on. There are also several magistrates of the city, brother Craftsmen of course, who could corroborate his evidence. To particularise, there is the Masonic Hall at 100, W. Regent Street, the Hall in Alexandra Parade, the Hall at 30, Berkeley Terrace, the Hall in St. George's Road, the Hall in Govan Street, the Hall in Burndyke Street, Govan, and the Hall in Dumbarton Road, Partick, to mention no others. In the smoke room of one of these I am informed that there are as many as seven cupboards from which brothers of the Craft are supplied with excisable drink. I have no desire to disclose any of the secrets of the Craft, but I feel justified in putting you in possession of the above information. *Entre nous*, how about a quiet raid one of these fine evenings?

John Bull.

To Admiral King-Hall, Naval and Military Club, London.

Gallant Friend,—What in the world possessed you to write to the King's secretary asking whether His Majesty would sanction his health being drunk by total abstainers in any non-alcoholic beverage? You really should not make yourself so ridiculous. You knew perfectly well that no sanction of the kind was needed, and that every loyal subject is at liberty to drink the King's health in wine, whisky, ale, pop, or water. It was an impertinence to force yourself on the attention of the King with these silly inquiries. They are not to be excused even by the graciousness with which he receives and answers them. You, at any rate, ought to know better. John Bull.

To Mr. C. H. Palmer, Down Farm, Lamerton.

Sir,—You have pleaded guilty before the Tavistock magistrates to inflicting a series of shocking cruelties on a horse, whose pace while in the shafts of a mowing machine did not suit you. Time after time you kicked it about the legs with your hob-nailed boots, till it fell. When it was down you kicked it in the stomach, then procured a file, took off the handle, stabbed it with the spike end, and finally tied its forelegs together and belaboured it with a stick. The nature of the wounds upon the poor beast I shall not offend my readers' feelings by describing. Of its sufferings I dare not even think. They speak to me of you as a brute lower in the scale of created things than the toad or the blackbeetle. Yet Mr. T. Benson, J.P., the chairman of magistrates, sitting with Sir E. Croft, J.P., and Mr. F. Collier, J.P., described you as a "respectable man," whom they did not like to send to prison, "though you had had a very narrow escape," and fined you—£5, "including costs." In a few days some poor devil with idle hands and empty stomach will possibly be brought before them for sleeping in one of your barns, or begging a crust at your door, and in that case what will he get? You can guess as well as I. "Very narrow escape," indeed! You ought now to be chopping sticks or picking oakum on a carefully regulated diet of skilly. In four words, you are a blasphemy upon humanity. John Bull.

Inspector Dew, Niagara.

Be sure obtain word of honour Crippen not to leave you again. Bull.

Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, Bad Gastein, Austria.

Sorry you have thought it necessary go to Bad to get better. Hope you'll have a good time. Bull.

Major H. A. Stansfeld, 1st West Riding Territorials, Leeds.

Hear men under your command mutinied Ramsey Camp on account of rain. Next time you take them out advise you issue orders they shall bring umbrellas. Bull.

A DESIRABLE UNION.

(Following the Irish, the Scotch are now demanding Home Rule.)

REDMOND: "Och! you're treading on the tail iv me coat, Sandy; but shure, Oi don't moind it at all, at all!"

JOHN BULL IN THE CITY.

By Verax.

Kaffirs and Rhodesians Advance as Anticipated in "John Bull"—Yankee Rails and Coppers Supported—Other Markets Under Holiday Influences—Rubbers and Oil Shares Weak.

I am in the fortunate position to-day to be able to say to my readers "I told you so!" The upward movement in *Kaffirs* and *Rhodesians* which I have foreshadowed for some time has made a very good start, and as evidently powerful hands are assisting it, it will doubtless make substantial progress, especially after the mid-August settlement. That this should have happened during the present holiday season is of good augury. The two other recently active markets, Rubber and Oil shares, are for the time being taking a back seat, but they will undoubtedly come to the front again—Rubber shares probably in September, when American buying orders can no longer be put off, and Oil shares in October-November, when the Maikop oilfield is making its entry amongst the large producers. A fair business is passing in *South American Government* and *Railway* securities, of which I published a selection, with the return to be obtained by the investor, last week. The last *English Railway* dividends have now been announced, proving most satisfactory, and I therefore have compiled a list of leading stocks for the use of those who wish to mix some of these now really high yielding securities with their other investments. I have also drawn up a selection of the better class Industrial stocks which can be utilised for the same purpose, but not for speculative transactions. *West African Mines* should now also emerge out of their protracted inactivity. There are many prizes to be obtained in this section, for those who buy now get in on the "ground floor," in many instances lower than the big South African houses who took an interest in the Jungle. *Copper and Copper Mines* are being reinstated amongst the active markets by the great American Copper interests, but the question of the restriction of the output of the metal has yet to be disposed of. A rally in *Rio Tintos* has exercised a favourable effect upon the Paris Bourse, which once again has executed one of its curious changes of front from extreme pessimism to healthy optimism. The Continental liquidation is concluded, the wreckage has passed into strong hands, and several big blocks of *South African Mines* have recently been acquired by powerful groups in Paris. French financiers are much encouraged by the fresh rise in *American Rails*, and by the evidence supplied by recent events that the big Wall Street houses and New York banks have now got the market there well in hand. It is also satisfactory that owing to the issue of a fresh batch of Treasury bills, rates of discount have at last strengthened to 2⅜ per cent. for three months, so that the foreign exchanges are turning in London's favour again. This might limit gold withdrawals here and enable the Bank of England to face the August demand, whatever it may be. That under these circumstances we shall have a very active business on the Stock Exchange this autumn goes without saying.

The Rise in the Kaffir Circus—High Class Shares Lead the Improvement—Randfontein Buoyant.

I explained the position of the Kaffir Circus in all its bearings in last week's issue and came to the conclusion that an upward movement was inevitable. And so it has happened. Dividend payers are on the upgrade under the lead of *New Modderfontein*, which have advanced about ⅝ to 12 5-16, while many others are up at ½ to ¾. Those of my readers who wish to make selections of such shares—and they are still at very moderate prices—will be able to do so from my table of yields of July 10th, page 102. In last week's issue I gave a table of cheap shares of the better class, which should considerably appreciate in capital value. Amongst these, *Randfontein Central* have already risen from 2⅝ to 2 13-16, *Randfontein South* from 2¼ to 2⅜, and *Randfontein Estates* from 2 5-16 to 2½ bid. So much for the rumour-mongers who have of late occupied themselves with this group. As a matter of fact, Sir Joseph Robinson sailed last Saturday for the Cape with the intention of himself supervising the completion of the 600 stamp battery of the *Randfontein Central*, which should commence working towards the end of the year, by which time I should think these shares should stand at about 3½, and *Randfontein South* at 3. I hear that Messrs. Eckstein have acquired an option on 50,000 *Randfontein*, in addition to their holding of *Randfontein Debentures*. Paris financiers have absorbed something like 100,000 Transvaal shares of late, and now that the Continental liquidation is over, the way is open for a general rise, the more so as there is practically no speculative account open here. Amongst the shares recommended last week I still consider *Brakpan*, *City Deep*, *New Goch*, *Harmony Props.*, *Meyer and Charlton*, in addition to the *Randfonteins*, a good purchase. Amongst the lower-prices shares *Daggafontein Gold* at 23-32, *Western Rand Estates* at 11-16, *African and European Investment* at ⅔, and *Jupiter* at 1⅛, are remarkably cheap.

Rhodesian Mines Wake Up—A Number of Advances—Some Favourable Advices—West Africans Ready for A Rise.

The Rhodesian market had, until quite recently, suffered from so persistent a sagging movement that prices had reached a very low level, and I consequently expressed repeatedly the view that a substantial rise could not be far off. The various Shamva Companies, for instance, are now at very moderate prices—viz., *Abercorn Shamva Trust* at 2 7-16, *Gold Schists of Rhodesia* at 1 7-16, *Rhodesia Gold Mining and Investment* (the Lewis and Marks parent company) at 1 7-16, and its subsidiary the *Lonely Reef Gold Mine* at 2 11-16, of Messrs. Lewis and Marks. On this mine development is in an advanced state and sinking to the fifth level about to commence. At the *Sabi Mine* of the same group good results have been obtained at the bottom levels, where values are highly satisfactory. From the *Giant Mine* favourable expert reports have been obtained, the ore bodies continuing at depth. On the *Hay Mine* (of the London-Rhodesia Land and Investment Company) development is reported very rich, assaying 2 oz. to the ton over a good width, and large numbers of claims have been pegged out in this neighbourhood. Hay shares, it will be remembered, were introduced a short time ago at 32s. 6d., and are now coming into demand. The *Globe and Phœnix* directors have at last consented to supply more detailed information. *Rhodesian Exploration* have improved to 3¼, and the Banket shares are also firm, *Rhodesia* at 2 5-16, *Eldorado* at 3¼. There is also some demand for *Chartered* shares up to 1⅝. *Selukwe* are hovering between 9s. and 10s., and the future is still shrouded in mystery. *Selukwe Columbia*, however, have advanced to 3⅛. It is to be hoped that on these and on the other properties of the Abe Bailey group, Mr. Sharwood, who is now in charge on this side, will be able to supply adequate information in the same excellent way in which he enlightened the public respecting the General Mining and Finance group.

Rubber Prices Fluctuate with a Downward Tendency—What about the American Demand?—Rubber Shares Lower.

Prices of rubber have been on the downgrade, and fine hard Para, which has lately been fluctuating between 8s. 3d. and 9s., is now quoted 7s. to 7s. 6d., while the *Middle East Plantation* auctions may bring yet lower prices. Views are very divergent as to the near future, although well-informed authorities are of opinion that the American consumers must come strongly on the market again in September, the demand for motor cars being as urgent as ever. And, after all, the total visible supply for the world does not work out to more than 3,572 tons, against 2,800 tons in 1909 and 3,602 tons in 1908. The stock in America is put down as 310 tons, against 520 tons a year ago. Very significant, moreover, is the fact that imports into London so far this year of 824 tons are exceeded by the deliveries—viz., 884 tons, and even more so the imports into Liverpool of 1,451 tons by deliveries of 2,196 tons. It would therefore appear that there is no immediate fear of production exceeding consumption. The leading Malay companies, moreover, yield 10 per cent. and more on the investment, taking rubber at 7s. per lb. Too much attention should not therefore be given to all the bearish talk, and after the latest relapse high-class shares, such as *Linggi* at 53s. 3d., *Vallambrosa* at 43s. 6d., *Anglo-Malay* at 23s. 9d., *Cons. Malay* at 25s. 9d., and *London Asiatic* at 11s. 6d., are excellent investments. *Crude Rubber Washing* are a steadier market at 1¾ premium, nor need holders of these or of *Vine and General* be alarmed at the discussion of the Guiguet machine patent question. The claim put forward for the Arnaud process seems to be of purely historical interest, and as Mr. Schlesinger put it, there is a far greater analogy between the native "mortar idea" of extracting rubber from the bark by the mechanical process of pestle and mortar and the Arnaud method, than between the latter and the Guiguet. Another shipment of 1,635 bales of rubber of varying grades has been made by the *Madagascar Rubber Company*, yet the Prefs. stand at only 2 premium, the Ordinary at 15-16, at which they are very cheap.

OIL SHARES MOSTLY NEGLECTED—MORE LIQUIDATION—FALL IN SHELL TRANSPORTS—MAIKOP STEADIER.

There is nothing very encouraging to be said about the Oil share market. Continental liquidation is still occasionally the bugbear, the latest effect being a relapse in the Shell Transports to 93s. 6d. *Lobitos* have also lost their recent advance, reacting to 30s. 6d. There has, however, been improvement in *Burmah* to 3⅞. A very significant movement has been the transfer of the Rothschild Oil interests, works, etc., from Batoum to Maikop. This is an important tribute to the new oilfield, which ought to be encouraging to holders of Maikop shares. Prices of the latter are rather steadier, but still very low, owing chiefly to the promotion of so many companies simultaneously, while there is to wait until November before the pipe line can carry the oil, which should by that time be produced in large quantities, to market. As to the question of the foreign ownership of oil plots on the Maikop field, about which the Baku oil rings attempted to create mischief, there is little doubt but that the decision in St. Petersburg will prove satisfactory considering the wish of the Russian Government to encourage the employment of English capital in the empire. I should think that *Anglo-Maikop* at ¾ premium, *London and Maikop* at par, *Maikop and General Trust* at 1 1-16, *Maikop Midland* at ½ discount, *Maikop Premier* at ⅜, *Maikop Valley* Prefs. at ⅝ discount, would in a few months' time show large profits. *Anglo-Roumanian* at 15-16—1 are in good demand, which is not surprising, as it is getting a large producer. *Kern Rivers* are greatly neglected and quoted only 16s. in the face of a production of 110,000 barrels of oil for July. *Société Petrols* are standing as low as 5s. 6d., *Nigeria Bitumen* at ⅛, which shows that the market does not think much of these concerns. *Franklin Oil* are fairly steady at 1, although worth much more. *Mexican Eagle Oil* keep their par price, but *Oil Fields of Mexico* are quoted at only the low price of 60 to 70 per 100 dol. stock, despite good progress on the field.

YIELD OF HOME RAILS ON INVESTMENT—BETTER DIVIDENDS GIVE LARGER RETURNS.

The English Railway dividends for the first half of 1910 are now complete, with the announcement of *Great Western* and *North Western* distributions. Both are excellent. The Great Western pays at the rate of 4 per cent., against 3½ per cent. last year, making 5½ per cent. for the year, as the distribution for the second half of 1909 was 7 per cent. The North Western dividend for the second half of 1909 was at the rate of 7 per cent., making with the 5½ per cent. for the first half of 1910 (against 4¾ a year ago) 6¼ per cent. for the year. Here there is the yield to the investor of the leading stocks on the basis of the latest dividends:—

	Dividend 1909-1910.	Present Price.	Yield per ann. p. c. £ s. d.
Barry Ord.	6½	159	4 5 0
Central London	3	68	4 8 3
Great Central 1881 Pref.	5	107	4 13 6
Great Eastern	2½	64	4 9 9
Great Northern Def.	1¾ (a)	45½	3 17 3
Hull and Barnsley	3½	67½	5 7 0
Lancashire and Yorkshire	4	90½	4 8 9
L. and S.W. Ord.	6	141	4 5 0
Brighton Ord.	5½	111	4 13 9
London Tilb. and Southend	6½	123	4 19 9
Metropolitan	1½	38½	2 18 6
Midland Def.	3	61½	4 17 6
North Eastern	6	130½	4 11 9
Rhymney Ord.	9½	205	4 7 9
South Eastern Ord.	3	76	3 19 0
North Western	6½	136½	4 11 6
Great Western	5½	123	4 9 6

(a) for 1909.

Such returns have not been obtainable for a long time past, and were it not for the labour troubles which have a knack of cropping up again, and which cause uneasiness amongst investors, prices would be distinctly high. Gross traffics are on a large scale and working expenses are being steadily reduced, partly by the working agreements between the companies, which do away with the old cut-throat competition. The *North Western* stock, now that a new arrangement with the Midland is in force, is distinctly promising. The *Midland* is also doing well for the same reason, and the *Great Western* and *South Western* are bound to benefit by their new arrangement.

A CHAPTER ON INDUSTRIAL INVESTMENTS—HOW TO GET A RETURN OF FROM 4 TO 6 PER CENT. PER ANNUM.

It cannot be said that Home Industrial Stocks have been much in the fashion of late, but they were partly neglected owing to home politics, but for the benefit of those who like security at home rather than abroad, I herewith give a small table of industrial stocks, from which a suitable selection can be made.

	Share. £	Annual Div. p.c.	Price.	Yield p.c. per ann. £ s. d.
Salmon and Gluckstein	1	10	50/-	4 0 0
Armstrong Sir W. G.	1	10	2⅜	4 4 3
Brunner, Mond & Co. Cum. Pref.	10	7	17	4 2 3
Dalgety & Co In. Deb.	Stk.	4½	109	4 2 6
Harrod's Stores Cum. Pref.	5	5	6	4 3 3
Imperial Tobacco Cum. Pref.	1	5½	1⅝	4 0 0
Vickers Non. Cum. Pfd.	1	5	1¼	4 0 0
Associated Cement Deb.	Stk.	4½	85	4 8 10
Cory, Wm. and Son Cum. Pfd.	5	5	5⅜	4 7 0
Lipton's 5 p.c. Cum. Pref.	1	5	41/-	5 0 0
Vickers, Sons and Maxim	1	2/-	2 1-16	4 14 3
Anglo-American Telegraph 6 p.c. Pfd.	Stk.	6	108	5 11 0
Brit. Oil and Cake Mills 5½ p.c. Pfd.	1	5½	1 1-32	5 6 9
Brunner, Mond and Co.	1	27½	5¼	5 7 6
Eastern Telegraph	Stk.	7	135/-	5 3 9
Lipton	1	6	1 5-32	5 3 9
Lyons, J., and Co.	1	6/6	5 15-16	5 9 6
Millars' Karri and Jarrah Pref.	1	6	1 1-16	5 6 9
Tuck (Raphael) Cum. Pref.	5	5½	5	5 10 0
Assoc. Port Cement (1900) Pfd.	10	5½	7	7 17 3
Gordon Hotel Cum. Pref.	10	5½	7	7 17 3
Nelson Bros.	1	6	13/6	7 7 0
Telegraph Construction	12	17½	36	6 4 6

It is preferable in the case of such investments to distribute the money over, say, half-a-dozen stocks of different kinds, so as to obtain greater safety. Some of the lower-yielding stocks are really of high-class, notably Dalgety Debentures and Brunner-Mond Prefs., not to forget Salmon and Gluckstein, which carry the guarantee of the Imperial Tobacco Company. Vickers-Maxim Ordinary have been giving way of late, but the Preferred are a substantial security. In the case of refreshment or hotel companies, which yield high returns, it is necessary to take into account the growing competition. Raphael Tuck have done exceedingly well, as shown in the directors' report, and in the statements made at the meeting.

NEW ISSUE.

THE AMISTAD RUBBER PLANTATIONS AND ESTATES, LTD.

With a capital of £120,000, in 1,200,000 shares of 2s. each, this Company has been formed to acquire as a going concern rubber, coffee and tropical estates, La Amistad, La Amistad Extension, Achotan, Buenos Aires, and Miahuapa, in Mexico, all of which are situated more or less close to railway stations, and have good wagon roads. The total area is 27,961 acres, and the estates are all freehold. According to the report of Dr. Pehr Olsson-Seffer, who was for three years in charge of an important botanical station and rubber laboratory in the same locality, the estates are favourably situated for growing rubber, coffee, cocoa, sugar, tropical fruits, etc. According to the reports, in the Amistad Estate alone some 30,000 trees, seven to eight years old, were tapped lightly last year, and produced 8,200 lbs. of dry rubber, which was sold in New York at 6s., and this year the yield is expected to be 18,280 lbs., and next year 25,740 lbs. of rubber. According to the prospectus, the four estates, with about 100,000 trees ready for tapping, will produce in the first year about 60,000 lbs. of rubber, and in the second year 80,000 lbs. —Messrs. W. J. and H. Thompson have valued the different samples of Castilloa rubber from the estates which were submitted to them, and were pronounced as excellent quality. According to Dr. Olsson-Seffer's estimates, the net profits from rubber and other sources will work out in 1910 to £13,104, in 1911 to £15,893, rising to £44,156 in 1915, these profits being equal to 13 per cent. and 15 per cent on the capital issue, rising to 44 per cent. in 1915. It is also satisfactory that Dr. Pehr Olsson-Seffer's services as general manager have been secured. The present issue is of 1,050,000 shares of 2s. each, of which 750,000 are offered for public subscription at par.

JOHN BULL'S FINANCIAL LETTER-BOX.

(1) Letters containing inquiries must be addressed to the City Editor, JOHN BULL, 8, Copthall Buildings, E.C. The names and addresses of correspondents must be enclosed, not, of course, for publication, but in token of good faith. Anonymous communications will be disregarded

(2) Correspondents should adopt either a nom-de-plume, or mention initials under which the replies will appear in the paper. The stocks or subjects inquired about should also be numbered.

(3) Replies are only made in the ordinary way through the columns of this journal under the above heading, and not by letter.

(4) In no circumstances will the proprietors undertake the sale or purchase of stocks or shares.

(5) If inquirers wish it, the names and addresses of respectable firms of stockbrokers, members of the London Stock Exchange, for transacting business, will be supplied to them, in which case a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed.

(6) A Postal Order for 1/- must accompany each Financial or Insurance Enquiry.

WEST RANDS.—FURNESS.—The Rubber shares No 1 are 2s. shares, 1s. paid, but it would be difficult to sell these, the price being nominally 1s. 3d. to 1s. 9d. West Rand Consolidated (3) and Champion Reefs (2) should be held, but instead of buying more of these to average, you might make a selection from other Kaffir shares in to-day's issue on the hints given in my remarks.

NATIONAL CINEMATOGRAPH THEATRES COMPANY.—BETA.—You will have seen full particulars in a recent issue. It is a fair speculative investment.

Six Holdings.—E. C. (Glasgow).—Hold the Rhodesians, Nos. 1 and 2, which should improve with the rest of that market. Of the Rubber shares mentioned, Nos. 3 and 4 are the best of the lot, but there is no option now but to hold all, pending a general recovery in the market. With special reference to No. 4, some forced liquidation has sent the price down, but it is not unlikely that a new deal will be fixed up shortly, which should result in a distinct recovery.

Rhodesian Shares.—J. W. (Stamford Brook).—Rhodesian shares generally have fallen heavily, but are now on the up-grade again. You should hold the shares in question. I cannot find the name of the firm mentioned by you in the list of members of the Stock Exchange, and I know nothing about them.

Rubbers.—Briar.—(1) A fair low-priced Rubber share (2) Dividends are a long way ahead yet. (3) 1,372,390 2s. shares, also £21,000 debentures convertible into shares. (4) 1,806 acres; a moderate amount of rubber is being produced. (5) Since 1905. (6) Apply to Effingham Wilson, publisher, Royal Exchange, E.C. Congo.—I do not advise a purchase of these Rubber shares, which are not readily marketable. The firm in question is an outside one, and they have their own axe to grind in the matter. G. R. P.—Outside brokers; have nothing to do with them. I also do not advise purchase of the Rubber shares mentioned. They have no market quotation, and you would find it much easier to buy than to sell them. W. J. B. (Clapton).—I do not like this concern, but I should not like to say that it is a bogus company. In any case, you have no option but to hold the shares, for which there is no market. John H. W.—(1) The reports are certainly very glowing, but a new concern has just been formed which may prove a formidable competitor. (2) There is no regular market in the shares yet, and dealings are a matter of negotiation. (3) Outside dealers; take *Punch's* advice—Don't. (4) What you require has been forwarded to you. Aberdeen.—As far as I can see, the payments are in accordance with the terms of the prospectus. I presume you are a holder of the shares, and you went into the company with your eyes open. No option but to hold now. R. H. A.—These shares have declined with the rest of the market, and it should be worth while now holding for an improvement as soon as the tendency generally becomes better. Devonshire.—I do not like either of these two shares. If you are a holder, take an early opportunity to realise. If you are not, go into leading rubber shares instead.

Private Company.—Shares A. B.—The directors would be quite within their rights in the matter, and your best course would be to offer the shares which you wish to dispose of to them, or to ask the Secretary of the Company to find you a purchaser.

Five Investments, Etc.—Bilad.—The five investments mentioned are all good holdings of their kind, but not what is known as gilt-edged. 6) Members of the Stock Exchange, and of good standing. (7) I forward what you require by post.

Supply Stores.—W. H. (Frome).—I am afraid that you have been "had," and that the concern, which is situated in a remote suburb, is little more than a swindle. If you wish it, I will send you the address of a solicitor, but it may be a case of throwing more good money after bad. It seems to me to be a case for the police.

Seven Kaffirs.—S. A. R.—The best shares on your list, from the dividend point of view, are General Mining and Finance (1), Gold Mines Investment (2), Kleinfontein (4), and Village Deep (6). Nos. 3 and 5 are also dividend-payers, but are only in the second rank, and you might substitute for them Randfontein South and Randfontein Central. As regards Brakpan (7), this is a promising Eastern Rand proposition, but has not yet commenced crushing.

Mining Transfer.—Novice (Burgh).—As you have purchased the shares for investment, you should hold the same yourself, and ought to press the broker for delivery of the same, although it usually takes some time before the transfer goes through.

£300 for Speculation.—Fortunatus.—You cannot do better with the money than to put it into sound Kaffirs, of which I have repeatedly given tables lately. The following would be a good selection:—Crown Mines at 8 13-16, dividend for year 130 per cent.; Randfontein South, at 2⅝, dividend for half year 7½ per cent.; Meyer and Charlton, at 4½, dividend for year 40 per cent.; New Primrose, at 2½, dividend for year 55 per cent.; Rose Deep, at 4 7-16, dividend for year 45 per cent.; East Rand Props, at 5 5-16, dividend for year 40 per cent.

Two Investments.—Investor (Buckingham).—I do not recommend either investment, if only for the reason that there is no market or quotation for the same here. If you tell me what yield you expect, I will be pleased to name some suitable marketable investments for you.

£300 for Investment.—C. A. M.—(1) If you want a perfectly safe investment, put the money into Western Australian 3½ per cent., issued at 96½, but still obtainable at a small discount. What you require has been forwarded in your envelope. (2) No information is available regarding this concern, but I do not like it, if only for the reason that it makes an investment conditional upon giving employment. Woodbine.—The following are the best on your list: Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 6, and always remember that the bigger the yield the greater the risk.

Waterwoods: Mersey Docks.—Mocul.—(1 and 2) Both are fair industrial holdings of their kind. (3) Mersey Docks 3½ per cent. Debentures are a safe investment; the quotation is 93.

Premium Bonds.—A. D.—I strongly advise you to have nothing more to do with this concern respecting Premium Bonds, and especially not to return the bonds to them. These are manipulations which are not likely to have a good ending. If you wish it, I can send you the name of a very respectable firm of foreign bankers who make a speciality of Premium Bonds, and who will be able to advise you. The enclosures have been returned in your envelope. I do not recommend investment in the St. Cecile Municipal Casino. Axos.—As requested I have sent you the name of a respectable firm of foreign bankers in London, who will keep you posted with the winning numbers of premium bonds, and who will also deal in these for you, as they make a speciality of it. J. W. B.—The firm you mention is complained of very much for making prices far above the market value for Continental premium bonds. I send the name of a firm as required, who will also give you every facility with regard to drawings, etc., and you cannot do better than employ them. Butler.—Do not allow yourself to be frightened out of your holdings by such rubbishing articles, published by interested parties. It is simply an attempt on the part of some outside broker to get you to sell premium bonds in order to buy some of his wares. Pavsy.—This concern is nothing more nor less than a lottery, and I strongly advise you to have nothing to do with it. It is quite a different thing from premium bonds. A. R. M. (Hull).—I consider the circular in question with regard to premium bonds and the proposed banking arrangement for depositing the securities with this so-called corporation very dangerous. You are quite right. The document is returned. Cunctator.—I send you the address of a firm of reliable foreign bankers in London who make a speciality of premium bonds, and they will advise you in the matter for a small fee, and also help you to realise your bonds, if you desire to do so.

Scottish Canadian Fruit and Land.—R. S. (Larkhall).—This concern does not appear in the usual books of reference, and you will have to make your inquiries in Glasgow itself.

Various Purchases.—N. N. Y.—Hold Nos. 4 and 5, and get rid of the others as the opportunity offers.

Outside Brokers.—S. M.—Your complaint with regard to R. A. Smith and Co. is unfounded. The £8 was option money which you cannot recover. It would therefore have been all the same whether the stock was closed on July 21st or July 31st, as there was still a loss larger than the option money. At the same time I forward what you require. The documents are returned in your envelope.—Heather.—I note that you do not wish to deal with outside brokers. What you require has been forwarded. You can obtain books and other publications on Stock Exchange matters from Messrs. Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange, London. Walter.—You must know what I think about outside brokers. I always think it is preferable to deal through a member of the Stock Exchange.

Small Investments.—Brent.—(1) Only for very small sums. (2) Certainly not as an investment; the fact that these bonds yield nearly 7 per cent. per annum shows that they can only be regarded as a highly speculative holding. G. P.—By putting the money into West Australian 3½ per cent. Inscribed stock, which is perfectly safe, and can be bought at a small discount upon the issue price of 96½, you can obtain a return of about 3¾ per cent. per annum. Y. X. (Mont).—Only for very small sums. Silurian.—Only for very small sums.

House Broker.—Nemo.—I cannot give you any information with regard to the firm inquired about, and I send you name of a respectable firm, members of the Stock Exchange, who will be pleased to do your business, and are thoroughly reliable.

£15 to Invest.—A.—In your position you would be better advised to keep your money in the P.O. Savings Bank, but if you persist in your determination, Randfontein Centrals would be the best of the shares mentioned. Why not apply to the secretary of the Glasgow Stock Exchange?

Share Purchase.—Incertus.—I do not say that the people in question are not respectable, but they are outsiders for all that, and you will find it much more advantageous in the long run to deal direct with a member of the Stock Exchange. Outside firms usually have many axes of their own to grind.

Four Holdings.—Shipsking Margin.—(1) Of course, you cannot get your money back. Most brewery stocks have declined for reasons which should be patent to all. (2) Yes, but there is little margin for any further rise. (3) If the revival in mines continues, these shares will probably also go up. (4) You need have no qualms about holding Canadian Pacific debentures for investment.

Small Institution.—Calcutta.—This is a private concern, and you cannot therefore buy any shares in it. If you want to know exactly how they make their profits you had better ask them yourself, but I should have thought it would be obvious to you.

Rubbers and Oils.—Keltic.—(1) These shares are quoted at about 6s. 6d., and if you have a profit, take it. (2 & 3) Both these shares stand at small discounts, and it should be worth while keeping them for an improvement.

Oils.—Cymro.—Do not pay any more calls if you can possibly avoid the same, or you will be throwing good money after bad. I agree with the opinions you mention. In future do not go into such dubious Yankee concerns. There is, of course, no market for the shares.

Saint Cecile Municipal Casino Company.—Mrs. L. (Falkirk).—I should advise you to have nothing to do with this highly speculative concern.

Sickness Society.—2011 C.—It is a bad sign when such a society does not pay claims, but you must please yourself as to whether you will leave it. Personally, in such cases, I prefer one of the big societies, such as the Hearts of Oak, Royal Liver, etc.

Kaffir Gold Mine.—Laundry.—It is a great pity that you put all your eggs into one basket. The mine in question was not recommended specially by itself, but in combination with others. The fall in price is due to one of those accidents in mining which no one can prevent, viz., the intrusion of a dyke which has cut out the reef. Vigorous development is in progress, and there is always the possibility of the reef being picked up again. Under the circumstances it might be worth risking to hold on now.

Rubber, Cycles.—Hsub.—(1) These shares are quoted nominally at 1s. 3d., and you might take an early opportunity to get rid of them. (2) No market, and I doubt whether you will be able to get rid of them. (3) I should not care to invest more than quite small sums.

Kaffir Debenture.—J. B. "From No 1."—Sell, and put the money into more progressive mines, such as Randfontein Estates, Randfontein Central, or Randfontein South.

Reversion.—X. Y. Z.—I cannot undertake to do this, but you should advertise your requirements in the daily Press, and will no doubt get some suitable replies. Your proposal to invest in leading rubber shares, on the decline, is a good one.

Mixed Investments.—(1) I cannot say that Calico Printers will reach £1, but it should be worth while holding for the present. (2, 3, & 4) Take an early opportunity of getting rid of these rubber shares, which feel most acutely the effects of the market depression. (5) Canadian Pacifics move very much with Americans, but on merits are quite worth the price you gave for them.

£600-£700 Investment.—V. W. M.—You cannot get more than 3½ per cent. per annum, viz., in Colonial Government bonds, if perfect safety is a desideratum, but Home Rails are very progressive investments under present conditions, and you might spread the money over these two divisions.

INSURANCE REPLIES.

Insurance Enquiries should be addressed Insurance Editor, 67, Long Acre, W.C.

City Life Assurance Company.—A. C. W. (Llanberis).—We have frequently expressed the opinion that the "Ideal" policy of this company is a good one.

Best Insurance Company.—T. O. R. (Leamington Spa).—The company you name is in the very front rank.

Colonial Mutual Life Assurance Company.—J. G. (Watford).—We have now looked into this matter. You were accepted with a rating 'up' of seven years, and you chose to pay the premium half-yearly. This rating up entitled you to no increased profit on surrender value, beyond that allowed to any person of your actual age, which was 30 next birthday when the policy was taken out. For the purpose of seeing how the results come out, the premium with which you can be credited during the twenty years is only £33 10s., instead of £43 14s. 2d. actually paid by you, and the result will show you that, under this whole life policy, the cash value of same, and the profits at the end of the Tontine period, amounted to 60 per cent. of the premiums which would have been paid by a person aged 30, accepted at par, which cannot be said to be a bad surrender value in view of the very low premium charged. As to a 12 option policy with guaranteed benefits, you will note that for £1,000 cover under this policy the premium charged is £43 6s. 8d. yearly at age 30, as against £22 6s. 8d. per 1,000 charged for a similar age under the whole life policy, such as you hold.

Endowment Policy.—Essox (Glasgow).—The Sun Life of Canada is as good as any.

Sale of Policy.—J. S. K. (Walthamstow).—You would have a difficulty in disposing of a portion of the policy in the way suggested.

The National and Co-operative Assurance Corporation.—Mac (Milford Haven).—We should prefer another selection.

Wealth depends on the number of things a man can do without. But who has yet found the man (or woman either, for that matter) who has learnt to do without "Nugget," that admirable little preparation which, appearing now as a black, and again as a brown polish, seems to have brought about a kind of universality for itself. It is waterproof, it is clean stuff to handle, it leaves no stain on garments, such as trouser-legs or skirts (whose mission in life is to meet with the top part of the boot or shoe). Then, it is a tonic in itself for the leather, so that it enables the user to be clean, economical and smart, saving the cost of boots and garments at once. Good boots and shoes are easily ruined by the application of inferior polishes, and none of these are cheaper than "Nugget." It is used in the Royal Households, and is indispensable to the man (or woman) in the street.

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"John Bull" can proudly boast of half a million readers, who have been attracted by the personality of its editor. The journal represents the practical man who takes a common sense and logical view of affairs. Common sense and logic applied to business life leave few openings for mistakes, and that is the type of man who takes advantage of opportunities. We give our clients opportunities of making money. They are practical people. By our own system the man of small means is on an equality with the man of capital. We offer great opportunities

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THE NEW BOSWELL.—IV.

Edited by W. M.

THE CRIPPEN AFFAIR.

The other day Dr. Johnson and I had an extraordinary experience. We were seated as usual in the cosy bar-parlour of the Mitre Tavern, discussing the ineptitude of modern politicians and the alarming growth of the bureaucratic spirit in all departments of English civil life, when I heard a faint creak and the sound of loud breathing. Glancing up I noticed that the door, which I knew had been carefully shut, had been opened about an inch.

Having good reason to remember my illustrious companion's dislike of trivial and unnecessary interruptions, I refrained from mentioning the peculiar circumstance, but endeavoured to concentrate my attention upon the conversation—keeping one eye on the door, all the same.

"Sir!" suddenly roared Dr. Johnson, breaking off in the middle of a long and involved sentence. "What is the good of my talking if you pay no heed to what I say? How do you propose to write my biography if you allow your wits to go wool-gathering whilst I talk? What are you squinting at?"

A louder creak, and the sound of more stertorous breathing from the door gave me courage to ignore the Doctor's stern rebuke.

"Doctor," I said, in an assumed tone of raillery, "when is a door not a door?"

The Doctor turned his ponderous figure and glared frowningly at the slowly opening door, in time to see a long nose and one eye peer round into the room.

"Who's there?" roared the Doctor.

The intruder's reply was, to enter the room with extreme caution, shut and lock the door, and put his back to it.

I could see at the first glance that the man was a policeman, disguised as a civilian. His long nose and drooping moustache I seemed to have seen before—probably in the illustrated newspapers.

"I am Inspector Drop," he said, fixing a pair of pale eyes on the Doctor.

"Sir!" shouted the Doctor, "so far as I am concerned you are a drop too much. What's your business?"

"I have reason to believe that you are Dr. Crippen," replied the inspector, pointing an accusing finger at the lexicographer, "and that *you*"—turning to me—"are Miss le Neve."

In the presence of danger Dr. Johnson is always cool. Instead of violently protesting against the absurd accusation, he condescended to calmly question the deluded detective.

"Anything you say may be used in evidence against you at the trial," warned the inspector.

"Yes, yes," returned Johnson, waving his hand airily. "Now, tell me, what leads you to suppose I am Dr. Crippen, and my friend Boswell here Miss le Neve?"

"Well, in the first place, Crippen is a little man," began Inspector Drop.

"And I am a big one," remarked the Doctor.

"Quite so: that doubtless is part of your disguise. Secondly, Dr. Crippen wears spectacles."

"And I don't," commented Johnson.

"Of course not. You would naturally leave them off. Thirdly, Dr. Crippen has false teeth."

"And I haven't a tooth in my head,"

"Precisely," returned Inspector Drop confidently. "You have taken them out and probably destroyed them. Lastly, you are known as the 'Doctor.' So is Crippen."

"You are a clever fellow," said the Doctor with a subtle scorn. "But, presuming I *am* Dr. Crippen, why did you not keep an eye on me during the first few days immediately following your first visit to Hilldrop Crescent?"

"It would not be in the public interest to answer that question at this juncture," returned Inspector Drop.

"But what makes you think I am Miss le Neve?" I ventured to ask.

"Because your trousers don't fit as they should," roared Dr. Johnson, bursting into a fit of loud laughter.

At that moment a constable in uniform entered the room, and after whispering in the inspector's ear, led him gently away.

"Well, of all the——" I began indignantly.

"Sir," interrupted the Doctor. "He meant well. Give the devil his Dew."

THE *IRISH* SUNDAY.

By Felix Rowen.

(*We have pleasure in publishing the following description of an Irish Sunday, as a contrast to our recent article on the* Scottish *sabbath.*)

One Saturday evening in August, 1908, I found myself stranded in a little village in the South of Ireland. Careering into a donkey cart, I broke the pedal of my bike, and, at the same time, gave a nasty wrench to my ankle. There was no help for it—I had to spend Sunday at Bally (I shall call it that—it's quite Irish, you know).

Now it was my very first week in the Emerald Isle, and I was utterly ignorant of the Irish Sunday, but I had a strong notion that it would be sad and gloomy. My spirits did not ascend when the landlady of the public-house where I put up declared that they never got Sunday papers. Some of *her* spirits descended though, and proved "grateful and comforting." Sunday morning, about six, I was awakened by the gentle tolling of a bell. I groaned in spirit, but did not stir till 9.30. At breakfast the good lady asked me if I wanted to go to "the Protestan' Church." She said it was four Irish miles away, but the So-and-so's would "give me a lift there and back." I declined, but for the want of anything to do asked if there would be any objection to my going to the Roman Catholic church.

She told me I should be "as welkim as the flowers of May" there, and offered me a share of her pew, but I preferred to go alone. I limped out into the street, and after a somewhat painful seven minutes found myself outside the chapel railings amid a fine, sturdy body of men who were calmly watching the other sex as they passed into the church.

But what is this? Down the narrow street dashed two or three farmers' carts and a brake. They stopped right opposite the church and deposited their passengers—close on twenty dashing-looking, sun-browned young fellows.

"What is it about?" I feebly asked an onlooker.

"They're goin' to a hurling," he replied; "these boys are the Cahirmona team an' they'll hurl to-day over at Knock. They're only shtopping here for Mass."

"Are they going into church like that?" I asked.

"To be sure, 'tisn't to lose Mass on account of a hurlin' they would," he said.

"It hardly seems a fit dress for a church," said I.

"Arrah, 'tisn't at their clothes, but their hearts th' Almighty will be looking," said my friend, and I felt rebuked.

The clergyman was a middle-aged and rather worn man, who spoke with more than a touch of brogue.

"I would ask the boys who are going to this hurling match to-day," he said, "to behave as becomes Irishmen and Catholics. *Let there be no desecration of the Lord's day.* Do your best for your own side *and enjoy yourselves*, but don't disgrace yourselves and your country either by quarrels or by drunkenness." I have italicised the above—that priest did not think harmless enjoyment a desecration of Sunday. I ventured to ask my landlady if the priests allowed secular music on Sundays.

"Why not? What harm is it?" was the reply.

"They don't like it in England and Scotland," said I.

"Maybe they like worse things," she retorted.

Evening came, and the sound of lively music again drew me from the house. Led by it, I arrived at some cross-roads.

About twenty-four young men and maidens were dancing on the white limestone road, while, seated on the fence, an old man was evoking wondrous music from a violin, whose age apparently rivalled his. Other couples were awaiting their turn, laughter rang out, badinage was lightly tossed from one to the other. A horseman came galloping along the road, and the dancers moved aside as a clergyman came near. He was evidently well-known.

"Are you having a dance, young people?" he called out, cheerily. "That's right; that's right; but be home before dark now, girls, or your mothers will be looking for you."

I watched, fascinated—so would anyone to whom the vim and life of Irish dancing is a new thing. Six o'clock came, and the church bell tolled again. The couples paused in the middle of a wild jig; the young men bared their heads, the old fiddler and the others seated on the fence stood up. I saw them make the Sign of the Cross, saw their lips move in prayer for a few minutes; then the men dancers covered their heads again, and dancing was in full swing.

When I want a Continental Sunday again I shall go westward to the Green Isle, where the simple people seem to enjoy themselves on the day of rest and yet always find time to attend to their religious duties.

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In case you are living in the country, or cannot find time to call personally, don't fail to send for their catalogue. It is a guide to furnishing, and whether you intend to purchase your furniture at Messrs. Wolfe and Hollander's or elsewhere, just clip off this coupon and post us to-day.

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LETTERS FROM JANE ANN.

(Being communications from a young person to her friends and relations.)

By Moore Anking.

LETTER NO. IX.

The Durdles,
Diddleston.

Dear Aunt Margaret,—It grieved me very much to get your kind letter and find how poorly you were. But then the weather's so changeable, isn't it?

The saniterry person who comes to see to the taps said we wimmen ought to always woffle plenty of spring medsin—something with plenty of spring in it.

If I thought you'd take it, auntie dear, I wouldn't mind treating you to a small bottle of kastor oil. It would be some return for all your kindness.

Way to take it is to nip your nose and then say one, two, three.

You're not obliged to nip the part where uncle flattened it. You can easy get hold more towards the point.

Poor father—you know how jolly he was till he fell off the organ, well he often used to joke about you and your nose, and say, "Margaret wasn't behind the door when they giv' away beaks." Talked a lot about you and uncle, and used to keep mother and me laughing for hours.

Well, let me know, auntie, if you'd like the kastor oil, because it wouldn't be no trouble to get it, not at all, not if it was a tubfull. Be a pleasure.

All the things you taught me about being good and kind, I often think of them, auntie, and the sweet little mottos and verses. You can't believe what a help. All I am's what you and father made me, and of course mother did her bit.

"O may I never tempted be
By pride or filthy lewker;
But fight so as the Referee
Can see I ain't no flewker."

This was always poor dear father's favourite verse, so I keep it pinned up on the rack over my bunk. Such a comfort in time of trouble. Like that fav'rite motto of his, "The lower you're down the sweeter the upper-cut." Poor father. What a head-peace he did have on him.

One of the servants went on at me the other day, because I took her clean cap to dust the pram with.

I let her go on for a while, and then I thought of poor dear father's teaching and yours, and then I giv' her a proper showing up.

I happened to mention about some of the ladies I worked for before I left Tottenham, and how they used to trust me with parcels for their relations every Monday morning, just as if I was one of their own.

"Oh, yes," says the person, "we know all about you."

"Well," I said, "you needn't be so cross with me just because the parish doctor ordered poison for your family. Yes," I said, "and didn't the neighbours subscribe to buy the arsenic? And then again," I said, "when the jury heard the facts, didn't they clap their hands, and didn't the local gov'ment board send the doctor a basket of flowers?

"You keep on at me," I said, "as if I could help your sister having to take carbolic baths.

"'Tain't my fault," I said, "if your mother weaned you all on cheap gin."

After that she didn't have so much to say, and at the finish she seemed sorry, and wanted to kiss me.

"As for kissing me," I says, "No, dear, I think not. No, I want to die a nacheral death when my time comes."

The other morning soon's I got out of bed I started practising train manidgement. Not railways, auntie, the other sort what you straiten out with a little kick behind.

I'd got a towel pinned on to my night-shirt, but the third kick went wrong, and I b'lieve what I broke was part of a set. One of the shuffers having breakfast underneath run upstairs and said all the bread and butter was getting drowned. It giv' me such a fright.

Nobody don't quite reelise wimmen's troubles, do they, auntie? But you had your share when uncle was alive, so I know you'll understand.

And now Good-bye for the present, auntie dear, and thank you for all your goodnesss.

Your dutiful and loving niece,

Jane Ann.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

FREE DEMONSTRATIONS & TRIALS OF THE "MACAURA INVENTION."

DAILY FROM 10 to 6.30, AT

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The Public are notified that Demonstrations and Trials of the "Macaura Machine" are being given daily at Clavier Hall, as above.

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The Public are desired to note that the Inventor allows no fee or charge to be made for view and trial of his invention, nor is anyone urged to purchase. The Demonstration and Free Trial Treatments have been arranged solely for the information of the Public as to the uses of the "Macaura Machine" in such difficult and chronic complaints as Rheumatism, Rheumatic Gout, Rheumatoid Arthritis, Sciatica, Lumbago, Paralysis and Deafness.

A copy of an illustrated book describing the invention and how to use it may be obtained on personal or written application at Clavier Hall.

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JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

What Women See.

Some of the remarks reported to have been made by a lady taking a principal part in the detection of a certain interesting crime now filling our newspapers—remarks, I mean, as to the infallibility of women as detectives—are decidedly interesting. I have myself very often wondered whether the average woman, given equal opportunity, really would not make a better detective than the average man, not because of any superior powers, but rather because of the different and more subtle method absolutely natural to her. I mean the method one might call instinctive observation. Such a lot of women have it, and carry it to a fine art, and they are by no means, be it noted, the creatures who stare at you in trains and hotels as though they had never seen a human being before. The most gifted of feminine observers, those who could report upon and reproduce every trick and trifling mannerism of any person they met for three minutes, never stare at all. They learn in about one glance what it would take a lumpier type of woman—of a man—six months to laboriously acquire, and then only if supplied with a motive for doing so. The thing would be, or course, to select only women of this curious capacity or extra sense, as it almost amounts to, for such detective work, and to very carefully avoid all literal-minded persons with firmly planted boot-heels and dogmatic notions. They would be more hopeless than men, and men are funny enough in all conscience. Witness them when they come to writing out a description of identity of any "wanted" person! They will cheerfully describe a lady as "wearing woollen stockings, a violet skirt, with light eye-lashes, brass studs, and a lisp. Born in the country, thick nose, maroon blouse, retiring manner, black cotton gloves, is of the Mormon persuasion. Three freckles near ear, sings well, and completely hidden in long yellow macintosh. Very attractive." Let anyone try to picture such a being at all seriously, and then hope to identify her—especially as attractive.

Travelling Vanities.

Every year, I think, we care more how we look on a journey, and now that travelling is made so easy there is no real excuse for the desperately dust-stained and shabby new arrival in a smart hotel lounge. Particularly sensible in this respect is the wise French woman, who to-day travels in a long coat, or coat and skirt, plain but well cut, and who carries in her valise one of the new white Chantilly lace veils to pin on deftly just as her train reaches its destination. Under the fine but patterned web all blemishes and little untidinesses are hidden, and the crisp and glistening lace gives her a bandbox-like freshness which defies all criticism. First impressions are, after all, very lasting, and it is a mistake to enter any new set of acquaintances looking one's very worst. I know a woman who always buys and wears fresh flowers on arriving at a house-party or hotel, and these, with a clean veil and gloves, have a marvellous power of transformation.

Beauty and Books.

The witty person who described a social circle as "that class of society where all the women are always thirty" will, I fancy, find the coming generation of women less easy to describe. For as we look each year at the girls turned out by our colleges and high schools, grim girls with hard voices and harder ideas, flat hair, pale faces, and "hockey" ankles, we sometimes wonder, some of us, whether they are not years older than their own pretty aunts and mothers; and the problem that arises is, will they ever go back and grow as young as thirty? The middle classes have for generations now been given the credit for producing the prettiest girls, and deservedly. But unless we soften in some way the strenuous machinery of our present educational system, and let them grow up instead of being automatically forced up, the champion cup of beauty will certainly pass from them to the poorer working girls, if it has not already done so, while the peaceable, governess-coached little Mayfair aristocrats will come in a very good second. Education, unless it lifts and broadens the mind so that it blooms from materialism into grace, is a mere machine for making girls blatantly self-sufficient, or limp and mechanical. We who care to notice, sometimes meet those tired-faced, worried-looking little students carrying heavy books or heavy hockey sticks, and wonder what is this great universal sadness which has come over female education? The other day I saw the King's little daughter, Princess Mary, with her serene, child's face, and fluffy halo of pale gold hair, and got a small shock when I found, on recollection, that I hardly know another girl of her age with her shining happiness of face, and dainty cared-for looking prettiness. And she is a home-girl of the home-girls, tutor-taught, and her Royal mother's dearest companion. I think in our modern reaction from sentimental education to utilitarianism we are in danger of losing altogether the poetry of being a girl.

What is Your Number?

See Page iii. of Cover.

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Dr. PEHR OLSSON-SEFFER, Ph.D., Commissioner appointed by the Mexican Government to the first International Congress of Tropical Agriculture held at Brussels in May of this year, late Professor of Botany Stanford University, California (Mexican Board).

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AUDITORS.—DELOITTE, PLENDER, GRIFFITHS AND CO., 5, London Wall Buildings, London, E.C., and Mexico City

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ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed to acquire as a going concern the Rubber, Coffee and Tropical Estates known respectively as "La Amistad," La Amistad Extension, Achotan, Buenos Aires, and Miahaupa, in Mexico. La Amistad and La Amistad Extension are situated about four miles from railway station on the Pan American Railroad, in Chiapas, Achotan, less than 30 miles from Tecoman Station, on the Mexican Central Railway, in Micheacum, and about the same distance from the Port of Manzanillo, Buenos Aires and Miahaupa, in Vera Cruz. The former is about 15 miles from the Port of Nautla, and the latter about 37 miles from the Port of Taxpah. The properties are all on good wagon roads. The Company will take over the properties as from April 30th, 1910, up to which date the Vendors will discharge all liabilities and outgoings.

All the Estates are easily accessible and well situated for economic working under one management. Having been in the producing state for several years past, their productive capacity under good management and with sufficient working capital should be considerably enhanced.

The Estates are Revenue producing from Rubber, Coffee, Vanilla, and other products, and the Company should be dividend earning from its inception.

According to the reports, in the Amistad Estate alone, some 30,000 trees, 7 to 8 years old, were tapped lightly last year and produced 8,200 lbs. of dry Rubber, which was sold in New York at 6s. per lb., and this year the yield is expected to be 18,280 lbs., and next year 25,740 lbs. of Rubber. It is estimated that the four Estates with about 100,000 trees ready for tapping will produce in the first year about 60,000 lbs. of Rubber, and in the second year about 80,000 lbs. of Rubber, with an increasing yield from year to year as the other trees on the Estates become tappable.

Dr. Olsson-Seffer estimates the net profits as follows:—

Year.	Rubber.	Coffee, Cocoa, Sugar and other Sources.	Total Net Profits	
1910 ...	£6,712 ...	£3,392 ...	£13,104	equal to 13 per cent. on the Capital Issued
1911 ...	7,788 ...	8,105 ...	15,893	" 15 " " "
1912 ...	10,220 ...	10,835 ...	21,055	" 21 " " "
1913 ...	15,296 ...	11,700 ...	26,996	" 26 " " "
1914 ...	21,613 ...	12,300 ...	33,913	" 33 " " "
1915 ...	31,756 ...	12,400 ...	44,156	" 44 " " "

The above profits are calculated on the basis of only 4s. per lb. Rubber, but present selling prices are more than double.

Dr. Olsson-Seffer is one of the highest authorities connected with Rubber, and for three years held the position of Professor of Botany at the Stanford University of California, and the following testimony from the Vice and Deputy Consul-General of America in Mexico, showing the high esteem in which Dr. Olsson-Seffer is held in both countries, should be of interest to intending subscribers, viz.:—

The American Consulate-General at the City of Mexico, Mexico.
Dated March 20, 1909

This to certify that Dr. Pehr Olsson-Seffer, Ph.D., the bearer of this letter, is a well-known agricultural and Rubber expert, whose word may be thoroughly relied upon. Dr. Olsson-Seffer has been consulted by both the Mexican Government and the United States Government through this office, and his reports have always been found most valuable. He knows well the agricultural conditions of Mexico, and I would strongly recommend his opinion to any prospective investors in Mexican lands.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) C. PIQUETTE MITCHELL,
Vice and Deputy Consul-General in Charge.

It is intended to apply for a quotation for and Special Settlement in the Shares on the Stock Exchange, London.

Application for Shares must be made on the form accompanying the full prospectus, which can be obtained from the Bankers, Brokers, and Solicitors, and at the Registered Offices of the Company.

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Heartburn and Acidity
—A FREE TRIAL—

During the past few months Messrs. Savory and Moore have offered a free trial box of Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges to sufferers from Heartburn, Flatulence, Acidity, etc. Of the thousands who availed themselves of this offer many have since taken the trouble to relate their experience of the lozenges.

The evidence thus received as to their value is so conclusive and so obviously genuine that Messrs. Savory and Moore are encouraged to continue their offer of a free trial box, being convinced that it will afford those who have not yet tried Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges ample proof of their remarkable efficacy.

When applying mention "John Bull," and send 1d. for postage to Savory and Moore Ltd., Chemists to The King, 143, New Bond Street, London.

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THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

By M. Clement Scott.

French and German for the Stage.

The "Anglo-American Expert" interviewed in a certain Sunday journal on August 7th last is, to put it mildly, talking through his *chapeau*, or is either too entangled with the spring-tide of youth to know, or too feeble in the winter of years to remember. The "A.A.E." is said to have boldly asserted that the depressed and starving state of the theatrical profession is mainly caused by English actors and actresses not being able to speak French and German.

What skittles!

Then he proceeds to explain to us that if Sarah Bernhardt, for instance, had been taught to play in our native tongue she could have been over here six months out of every twelve "right on end."

What piffle!

No actress ever born has made a bigger name for herself than Sarah; no artiste has ever been more heartily welcomed or appreciated in this country than the gifted creature who year after year from the early eighties came to London and remained for months at a time packing the theatres to suffocation, until that much-to-be-dreaded monster—Father Time—that fatal visitor, that no precaution in the universe can prevent or guard a mortal from, stepped in to lessen the tremendous force and marvellous strength with which Sarah in the prime of her career held and gripped her audiences.

Victorien Sardou wrote drama upon drama for Bernhardt in which she appeared with colossal triumph throughout her own land, America, and England, but when any of this great actress's creations were done into English, how many of them were successful? "Fédora" is, I think, about the only one that can be recalled as a trump card; "La Tosca" was merely so-so, and as to any difference it would have made if Sarah had acted in our language, it was more the foreign woman's extraordinary personality that overwhelmed us—her exquisite style, her knowledge of the art she professed, her glorious voice that could pierce you at one moment with the wildness of its shriek, and the next dissolve you to tears with its pathetic sob and pitiful wail. There was no need to *understand* French to know what Sarah intended to convey when on the stage—her gests—her expression—spoke much more eloquently than words, and the rapidity with which she sometimes rattled off a speech swept you almost out of your seat like a whirlwind.

The "Anglo-American Expert" has evidently not given much thought to the utterances he is said to have made.

Madame Modjeska, another fine actress, was taken seriously to task for daring to appear in English plays, and was severely criticised for her broken accent, so was Stella Colas, so was Fechter, all splendid and well-trained theatrical artists.

How many people does the "A.A.E." know, I wonder, who can speak any other language beside their own sufficiently well to go on to the stage and speak it, without being found out. There is only one I can name, and that is Pierre Decourcelle, the author of "The Two Little Vagabonds," and he was partly educated at Brighton; but even Pierre, Anglicised Frenchman as he is, has never translated one of his own plays in this country—they have been done by George R. Sims, Arthur Shirley, etc., etc.

Mr. Expert suggests that the reason so many players are "resting" is because they can only speak English; personally I think in the majority of cases the lengthy out of engagement period is brought about because they can't act—but no matter.

Irving didn't suffer from the non "other lingo" fever, neither did his comrade Ellen Terry, neither did Ada Rehan, whose success in Paris at the Vaudeville Theatre was quite phenomenal.

I once saw Mrs. Pat Campbell in a French play with Sarah, and well—the applause was not sufficiently genuine to warrant any enterprising manager in coming forward to make a bid for it, and pop it into the evening's programme.

If by saying "so I hold that every actor and actress should study at least one other language than their own—if not two—*then* they would get engagements fast enough," Mr. Expert is indirectly inviting the main portion of the profession to go to——and live abroad for an unlimited spell, I'm with him—for I think there are very few real artistes existing in it at this moment.

But when he talks about France and Germany—"especially Germany"—wanting English and Americans to play over there in the native tongue, I say "Nonsense to you, sir," for the game has been tried already, and, except in the case of Miss Ada Rehan, proved a failure—"especially Germany."

Compare "The Tales of Hoffmann" when the Germans sent us over Offenbach's delightful opera at the Adelphi the year before last, with the production of this same melodious work at His Majesty's a few days ago!

Say, Mr. Anglo-American Expert, I guess you're very verdant or you're just about the last scream in bluffs I've ever read about.

And then to add that when English actors see an American manager coming along they whisper, "Now let's soak him."

Why, my dear sir, so far as you are concerned I should imagine there wasn't a dry shred left on you for soaking purposes. You've been up in an air-ship, haven't you, and come down in the wet?

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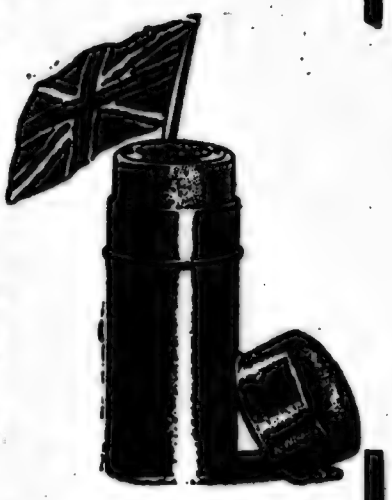

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BULL'S EYES.

NOTES OF INTERROGATION:—

Isn't the adjournment of Parliament a holiday for the country too?
Is Keir Hardie really a "sorry" man?
Will there be a smash in China?
Would a religious controversy in Spain be a "civil" war?
Isn't the Upper House getting the upper hand?
Hasn't the new Oath Bill produced a few?
Is the shipbuilding crisis a question of "rigging"?
Will the proposed girl messengers be faster than boys?
Is W. H. Lever being offered the mayoralty of Birkenhead to give the place a lift?
Isn't the Peace Congress "fighting" for its object?
Hasn't the Gaiety found "Our Miss Gibbs" a valuable assistant?
Won't Roosevelt find the real strenuous life in journalism?
Can an undesirable alien come in as a "first-class" passenger?

"On the Sands" is the new ballet at the Alhambra. There are plenty of "trippers" in it, of course.

"An atlas is one of the most interesting books there is," says Mr. A. Benton. This doesn't apply to every M.A.P.

"I have no father or mother," pleaded a man of fifty at Tottenham recently. Poor little fellow.

An open-air whist drive is to be held at Yarmouth. The Clerk of the Weather will doubtless supply the odd trick.

"Every woman knows her exact age when she is married," says Judge Bacon. But her exact age is not always her marri-age.

The House of Commons ought to produce a good team of cricketers. Members are always trying to bowl one another out.

The lady bookmaker who recently appeared at Sandown can at least claim that she belongs to the "fair" sex.

A contemporary speaks of "sitting under" Mr. Chesterton. Most people "sit on" him.

"Queer Things About Egypt," is the name of a new book. When did the author get back?

Mr. W. P. Byles desires to cut down the Navy. We will consign his arguments to the W.P.B.

Mr. Roosevelt says that boxing "develops a sense of fair play." Except, of course, when the fight is between a white and a black man.

"Duel Without Danger," reads a heading. Nothing new.

The Minister for Education claims that he has a family of six million children. He must be a very solemn 'un.

The proposed tax on entertainments has aroused strong opposition. The public don't approve of attacks on amusements.

"The Next Step," is the poster of *Votes for Women*. We fear it will be "Mark time."

All the prizes at a Tonbridge baby show were won by little girls. A case of "Ladies first."

"Towns Held up by Strikers," we read. Usually it is the towns which support the strikers.

A demand for military service for women is the latest in Germany. But the sex is always ready to answer a call to arms.

The King's Lynn guardian who climbed the workhouse chimney shaft to report on its condition, may now be truthfully described as "very much looked-up to."

Castelline and Courteous Lad ran a dead-heat at Windsor recently. The latter horse seems to be well bred.

Women are revolting against the "hobble" skirt. It must be the "turn of the tied."

Men who clean the flues of the Poplar dust destructor are paid "dirty money." The name seems appropriate.

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COUPON. "John Bull," Aug. 13, 1910. For Boots on 14 Days' Free Inspection. If unsatisfactory money to be refunded in full. W. BARRATT & CO., LTD.

You can have a sample pair of these boots sent on approval without taking any risk whatever. You send us 8/6 and we send you the boots. If you are not satisfied, send back the boots and we will send back your 8/6. What could be more straightforward?

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No. 1417.—BROWN WILLOW CALF, 9/6.—A magnificent boot. Rich nut-brown shade and warranted real "Willow" Calf.

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GENTLEMEN'S "Footshape" Boots are made in eight different sizes: 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, (size 12, 1/- extra). Each size is made in four different widths. No. 3 width (for slender feet); No. 4 (medium) No. 5 (wide); No. 6 (extra wide).

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FREE TRIAL A free trial of the wonderful "Eucrasy" will be sent you in plain wrapper with book of particulars if you will write "Eucrasy," Ltd., Dept. 17, or personally to our manager, Mr. E. R. Hand, 104, High Holborn, London, enclosing 2d. in stamps to defray postage and packing."

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[The Editor *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS, when referring to previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to. Owing to the great increase in the number of ENQUIRIES *received consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag," and* ONLY THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST *will be noticed. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc.*

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write names and addresses upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED, ADDRESSED ENVELOPES ARE SENT FOR THE PURPOSE. ALL MATTER SUBMITTED MUST BE ORIGINAL UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED.

The Editor *cannot express any opinion upon the value of postage stamps, old china, pictures, coins, books, etc.*

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be sent in the first instance; if inspection of the originals is required, a request will be forwarded to that effect.*

"Truth" (Manchester) asks whether it is true that we have at some period of our career been incarcerated in one of H.M.'s prisons, and asks us not to be afraid to answer, as the enquiry "is made in the right spirit." The answer is, not yet—but you never can tell!

J. B. (Mon.) has a bet of £5 with his pal that our Editor is not a barrister-at-law, and asks us to decide the winner. What says his pal? Meantime, the purchase of a copy of *Bottomley's Book*, of all newsagents, one shilling, will solve the problem.

F. H. (Earlsfield) says dishonest practices are not usual in the boot trade. But he thinks that "some of our alien friends" charge more than the prices marked.

"Admiral" asks "why do we persist in spelling chestnut with a 't'?" We beg to refer our honourable friend to the President of the Board of Education.

A. P. C. (London) tells us that Commandant Sir Wm. Serjeant is endeavouring to make the Legion of Frontiersmen a one-man's show—which confirms similar reports from other quarters.

"Abore" (Basutoland) takes off his hat to us for our recent remarks anent the idiotic procedure of our Missionary busybodies, and says, "the Missions here are simply converting the honest, simple-minded moral native into an accomplished scoundrel, as any South African will corroborate." Admirer must establish a Basutoland John Bull League.

F. G. (Halifax).—"The Last of the English" is published by Elkin Mathews, London; price 2s. 6d.

A. E. C. (Mitcham) tells us that a few weeks ago his little girl picked up a purse containing 4s. 6d., and at once took it to the Police Station. It was then restored to its owner—a poor woman, who took in washing—but who at once called and offered the child 6d. "Now for the difference," says A. E. C. A few weeks afterwards his little boy found a purse containing 18s. 5d., and took it to the Station. The owner in this case duly claimed it, but up to the present has offered no reward. "Does it pay to be honest?" asks our correspondent. As a responsible journal, we are bound to answer in the affirmative—adding, if not in this world, at any rate in the next.

W. T. H. (Brecon): What a fossil Mr. "D. Fi Dafis" must be!

R. McC. (London) is an University man who recently got fined for drunkenness—an offence which he denies. But having to send to a friend for the money, and the friend being out of town, R. McC. was carted off in a "Black Maria," stripped, searched and bathed, and subjected to all sorts of indignities. We can only hope, in the circumstances, that he *was* drunk!

D. R. A. (Victoria) suggests that our Business Government should stipulate for the "establishment of granaries to hold the year's supply," and points out that the necessary supply could easily be secured in years of plenty, without in any way affecting trade prices. There is much to be said for the idea!

A. S. (London) sends us specimens of hysterical tracts posted to a young friend at a public school. This thing ought to be suppressed, just as betting circulars are.

L. J. (South Ealing).—For the ten thousandth time we must explain that our cover goes to press some days before the rest of the issue, and that at the last moment it is sometimes found necessary to slightly vary the contents as printed.

C. B. (Walthamstow).—There is not an atom of foundation for the statement that we did not pay our staff for the day of the Royal Funeral. Thanks for sticking up for us.

M. G. G.—We should like to "make a few remarks" about the article on "Catch-penny Pruriency," to which you direct our attention, but that would involve advertising the journal, and they might not be prepared to pay our scale rates.

"Verax" (Ogmore Vale), in seeking a shop assistant, stipulates that he must be a member of the John Bull League. That's as it should be!

J. E. B. (Cork).—No biscuits for obvious misprints. Glad you approve of our Business Government.

R. T. (Forest Gate) says, when he read our par. about the schoolmistress who was allowed so long a time to recover from the shock of motherhood, he could "hardly believe his sight." There is no doubt that John Bull is an excellent tonic for the eyes!

A. G. F. (Banco, S.A.) tells us that we are eagerly looked forward to out there, and that he and his friends "follow with those at home the great movement in favour of a Business Government." He encloses a poetic effusion by "C. A. H." on King Edward's death, but omits to mention where C. A. H. is buried.

"Trumpeter" (Stoke Newington) advises us to confine our attention to the Salvation Army's methods of disposing of its superfluous cats, and to leave the management of the Territorials to those who understand the subject. Rats!

"Signaller" (Farnborough) having served a short term of imprisonment, immediately on his release changed his name, got a decent suit of secondhand clothing, and started life afresh. He had a little difficulty in the matter of references, but advises all persons in a similar position to follow his example.

"A Blouse Maker" has noted advertisements of blouses at 1s. 9d., but never finds them in stock, and considers this a cruel waste of poor purchasers' time.

J. I. L. (Torquay) sends pathetic details of invalided seamen, struggling on 6d. a day. There is certainly too much talk about patriotism and too little practical work. A naval trades union would be a good thing, but my Lords would probably object.

"A Mother" (Wimbledon) thinks inhuman fathers are let off too lightly. We agree that "it is a pity the Government does not make laws for the country instead of squabbling like a lot of children among themselves."

H. C. (Portsmouth) says the Central Supply Co. try to frighten servants into paying absurd sums for trashy jewellery, but eventually tire of sending blue papers. So now victims know they only need sit tight.

"Pro Medicis" says inverted buckets, used on the principle of diving bells, might save men from tidal drowning. This is the first time we have heard of medical men having "a rooted objection to advertising." Roosevelt will have to look to his laurels.

J. K. (Nairobi) thinks it unfair of us to criticise colonial matters, as a long time must elapse before we can be answered. He says niggers are very comfortable in gaol, but we still hesitate about approving the corporal punishment of chicken-stealers. What do chickens cost per dozen out there, by the way? And why not keep a dog?

(*Continued on page 270.*)

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Our charge for a complete suit is only 3/9 and we are always prepared to do necessary repairs, reline, supply new buttons, etc., at a very moderate cost.

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should read a remarkable book recently published on the new "Sartolin" Antiseptic Treatment for Consumption and all Chest and Throat Affections. To further the fight against Consumption a distribution of free copies will be made until further notice. Early application is advised, as the supply of Free copies is limited. Address—

The Sartolin Co. (Dept. 7c), 20, High Holborn, London.

Freehold Plot of Land For Sale Cheap,

excellently situated near Pine Woods, Bostall Heath, Kent. Apply—

H., "JOHN BULL" ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT, 67, LONG ACRE, W.C.

FOLLOW THE MARKETS

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When to Buy. When to Sell.

What to Buy. What to Sell.

Readers of the

WEEKLY NEWS LETTER

NEVER MISS OPPORTUNITIES.

SPECIMEN COPY POST FREE.

To RICHARDS, JAY & CO., Ltd.,
Craven House, Kingsway, London, W.C.

Please forward me gratis and post free a specimen copy of the "Weekly News Letter."

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

J B., 13/8/10 .....

Re BARON GEORGE DE REUTER, deceased, and LADY MOUAT deceased, and others.

Important private Sale of

FURNITURE and EFFECTS,

Removed from 4, BERKELEY SQUARE, S.W., 108, PALACE GARDENS TERRACE, and BROMLEY PARK, KENT,

the complete equipment of four entire Mansions, any single article out of which may be selected at once and DELIVERED FREE, Town or Country, or Shipped for Abroad, or can REMAIN STORED FREE, PAYMENT WHEN GOODS REQUIRED. 27 COMPLETE BED ROOMS, comprising well-made solid oak inlaid mahogany, rich satinwood, real silver ash white enamelled and other bedroom suites complete to be sacrificed from £3 to 50 guineas, some having originally cost 300 guineas. Fine old English gent's robes and chests from 35s. each. Full-size all brass bedsteads, as new, complete 37s. 6d. each, several with massive square rails and pillars. DINING-ROOM, LIBRARY, STUDY, and SMOKING-ROOM FURNITURE, comprise, among numerous other important items, choice Queen Anne design sideboard, 5ft. wide; Queen Anne design overmantel; splendid set of Queen Anne design chairs, comprising two carving chairs and six small ditto; Queen Anne oval extending dining table, the entire being in perfect preservation, and will be sold at the ridiculously low figure of £22 (worth over treble). Delightfully soft-sprung Chesterfield settee, £3 15s.; two lounge easy chairs to match at 30s. Very beautifully carved oak furniture, comprising large sideboard; overmantel to match; extending dining table; two majestic arm chairs and six small ditto, all to match. Any item may be had separately or the complete room will be sold for 17 guineas. REAL TURKEY CARPETS of very choice designs, and real Turkey rugs from 30s., scarcely soiled; also some REAL PERSIAN and FINE AUBUSSON CARPETS, antique pierced-front fenders, fine old GRANDFATHER and other CHIMING CLOCKS. MAGNIFICENT POCKET GRAND, and 3 fine upright pianos, 5 guineas, 12 guineas and 18 guineas, all by most eminent makers. Very magnificent silk curtains and draperies, an exceptionally well-made silk-covered suite, comprising a luxuriously upholstered Chesterfield settee, two large lounge easy chairs to match, with four spring-seated occasional chairs, £9 17s. 6d. the lot; lovely design cabinet, 4ft. 6in. wide, £6 15s.; two dainty centre occasional tables at 25s., and overmantel fitments, 37s. 6d. Venetian and other mirrors, valuable signed etchings on silk, costly carved and gilt Louis XV. settees, with fauteuils en suite, and occasional chairs, choice Bergier chairs with footstools; carved gilt tables and graduated screens, Vernis Martin, Boule, and tortoiseshell inlaid and other cabinets, commodes and escritoires. Choice canteens containing cutlery by Mappin and Webb, Sheffield plate, linen, etc. etc. Magnificent, nearly new, Decauville motor-car with all latest improvements, cost £820, sacrifice for 400 guineas, with all spare parts, accessories, etc.

Furniture and Fine Art Depositories, Ltd.,

48 to 50, Park St., Upper St., Islington, London, N.

Cab fares allowed to all clients.

Hours 9 till 9, Thursdays 9 till 5.

Catalogues (F) now ready, with full particulars free on application.

Hardtmuth's New Pencil

The "Aviator" is the best pencil made at the price—Twopence. It writes with a pleasing smoothness of touch, does not easily snap, and will give as much writing service as three ordinary pencils. Made in 12 degrees, so that you can get one just hard enough or just soft enough for your purpose. Try one to-day.

2d. each or 1/9 per doz. All Stationers, etc. Illustrated particulars free for the asking from L. & C. HARDTMUTH, 12, Golden Lane, London, E.C.
(Paris, Brussels, Dresden, Milan, Vienna, New York.)

2D.

Dr. Scott's Pills

For Biliousness and Liver Complaints

Of all Chemists (in square green packet), 1/1½, 2/9 per box.

DR. SCOTT'S PILLS are the favourite prescription of a doctor who devoted practically a life's study to the liver and its ailments. They have no equal as a remedy for lack of energy, poor appetite, pain and distension, a furred tongue, dizziness, headache, indigestion and other results of a disordered liver.

Hunyadi János

Nature's own inimitable remedy for Constipation, Biliousness and Disordered Digestion. Just as Nature creates it and intends it should be taken—it cures

CONSTIPATION

in a natural, easy, certain way. Inexpensive and effective. Try a bottle—and drink half a tumbler on arising.

The famous NATURAL Aperient Water

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S

'HIGHLAND' PEN

has proved itself the "just right" pen for thousands and thousands of people. With its soft, pliant, slightly turned-up point, maybe the "Highland" is just the very pen to suit your hand. Will you give it a trial?

SAMPLE BOX of Highest Quality assorted Pens sent for 6d. stamps.
If difficulty in obtaining Gillott's pens they will be forwarded post free by

JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS

(Dept. 11), 37, GRACECHURCH STREET, LONDON, E.C.

"Annexes" (Sheffield).—We do not presume to guess the height of celebrated people, but Jim Crow is 6 ft. 9 in. in his foolscap.

"Cranbie."—We hope the Business Government will be more stable than most comets. You have certainly chosen your name well.

"Bloater" (Great Yarmouth) says captive women used to be circumcised in ancient Egypt. But that did not prevent their becoming mummies.

B. C. (Cricklewood) wants to spare other readers a fruitless journey in search of Edwards' Drapery and Furnishing Stores, High Road, Streatham. They advertise for "two smart young men," but superhuman smartness is evidently required to discover the Stores in Streatham.

T. J. M. (Brighton).—We believe it is usual for steamship companies to retain a percentage when passages are abandoned, but, no doubt, this is sometimes hard on poor people.

C. P. R. (Nottingham).—If your wife only ordered three volumes, J. R. King and Sons (12, Albert Street, Manchester) cannot make her pay for nine. Let them issue a summons.

E. W. R. (New York).—We had often heard of strange goings-on in Yankee gaols, but the limit is reached when those institutions are used for the manufacture of counterfeit coins. You must remember that Roosevelt has been away in Africa.

H. B. (Camberwell) thinks Mr. Haldane should give Service men preference when jobs are to be had. But Mr. Haldane is himself a civilian.

E. W. (Bournemouth).—We have plenty of candid friends at home without needing the advice of Yankee tourists.

M. E. S. (Taplow).—Why are you so indignant about the circulation of homœopathic works? Are allopathists, then, infallible?

P. H. F. (Kingston, Jamaica) says the best hotels there only charge 12s. a day; and many people condemn the climate when "booze" is really responsible.

F. M. H. (Dublin).—What is your evidence that the Mayor of Morley's outing and the vellum address to the Queen Mother were charged to the ratepayers?

"A Reader" (Hammersmith) warns against Clark and Co. (Walthamstow), who offer cycles on the instalment plan and only deliver when the full amount has been paid.

W. H. (Dulwich) wants inhuman fathers to be quartered alive. We like honest indignation, but this sounds a bit mediæval.

"Well-Wisher" writes, "I should imagine the Editor of the *Daily Mirror* takes all his readers for a lot of sawny silly simpletons. Having exhausted all the photos of the King's children looking over garden walls and picking up tin cans on the sea-shore, he is now giving us examples of baby's chatter." But why want to smack the kids for the editor's indiscretions?

G. O. (Twickenham).—Davis and Co. (284, Brixton Road) are well-known tricksters.

E. A. G. (Peckham) sends us some specimens of that endless prayer chain, with which we have already made our readers familiar, but which we suggest should be given up in favour of an endless chain recommending John Bull.

A. J. I. (Salisbury) tells us that on asking a newspaper boy for a copy of John Bull during the recent Yeomanry manœuvres, the answer he received was, "We are not allowed to bring it into camp." Another Army scandal!

H. C. M. (Hillika).—We are not a fashion journal, but we should describe the London Season as consisting of the months of June and July—with perhaps the last week of May thrown in.

"Critic" (Sheffield).— We presume the explanation of the collectively small number of claims we get in respect of our cover numbers is due to the fact that only a small percentage of readers preserve the covers.

J. G. O. (Deptford) thinks it strange that we should say that we do not believe in racing systems, and yet accept advertisements of the same. But then, perhaps we do not believe in all our advertisers!

R. W. (Greenwich).—The apparent discrepancy arises from the fact that, owing to our phenomenal sale, we have to go to press with some parts of the paper very long before others.

T. L. (Peckham).—We are considering the question of reserving a page for small advertisements.

A. E. E. (Bedford) sends us a copy of *Printers' Ink*, containing the advertisement of an American lady journalist, who describes herself as capable of writing "brilliant circulation-raising articles, 'John Bull' type; could do 'Jim Crow' style." What a lady!

"Nibs" (Montreal) wishes to join the League, and tells us that out there, as in London, there is always a tremendous rush for John Bull, and that the supply is soon exhausted.

F. J. (Harlesden).—We did publish a table showing the result of various gas meter tests about two years. We will try "to play the game straight"—can you give us any suggestion?

J. B. (Peterborough) sends us a card of "The Hon. Sir John Mucklin," chimney sweep, Dogsthorpe, near Peterborough. We do not, however, find the honourable knight in any official book of reference.

A Seaford Reader tells us that the officer in charge of one of the submarines is unfortunately afflicted with St. Vitus dance, and asks whether, in such circumstances, he should retain his post. The answer is in the negative.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies, but we hope during the next few weeks to work off many arrears.

TRADE NOTE.

Mr. Douglas Stuart, the well-known Turf Accountant, of New Oxford Street, has opened offices at Flushing, Holland, for the accommodation of the Sporting Million, who will now be abls to obtain the same favourable terms which Mr. Stuart hae hitherto only been able to give those clients who open a credit account at his Oxford Street premises. Those sportsmen who have not been able to avail themselves of his terms before, may now send their commissions with a deposit to his Flushing address, with the sure knowledge that they are doing their business with a perfectly safe man, who will immediately pay whatever is due. He guarantees the full price ruling in London at the time the commission is posted.

WHY SMOKING IS INJURIOUS.

It is known that Turkish Cigarettes are mostly made from tobacco blended with Suluk, which is impregnated with opium, and consequently the head and the throat suffer considerable irritation owing to this drug. An eminent firm now guarantee their Turkish Cigarettes to be entirely free from Suluk, and offers 100 of their "Fez" Cigarettes (equivalent in value to 4s.) for 2s. 6d. Arrangements have been made with all the leading tobacconists to stock this brand in boxes of 10, 20, 50, and 100, so as to meet the convenience of all.

The name of Messrs. Poulides and Co., 7, Goring Street, Bevis Marks, London, should be a guarantee of good faith, and an innovation of this kind should meet with unqualified success. A postal order for 2s. 6d. addressed direct to this firm will ensure the free despatch of 100 "Fez" Cigarettes by return, in the event of the local tobacconists being out of stock. [Advt.

IMPERIAL JAPANESE MILITARY BAND.

WHERE TO SPEND A HOLIDAY.

All about the place!
All about the journey!!
The best way there!!!

Send postcard to the Enquiry Office, Euston Station, for copy of the "North Western News"—Brimful of delightful hints.

WHY PAY SHOP PRICES ?

BEDSTEADS.

Newest Patterns in Metal and Wood of every description. Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, Chair Beds, &c., &c. Furniture—Bedroom and General. All Goods Sent Direct from Factory to Home—saving middle profits. Full Price Lists Post Free. Estab. 1869.

CHARLES RILEY, Desk B, Moor St., Birmingham.

Please mention "JOHN BULL" when writing for lists.

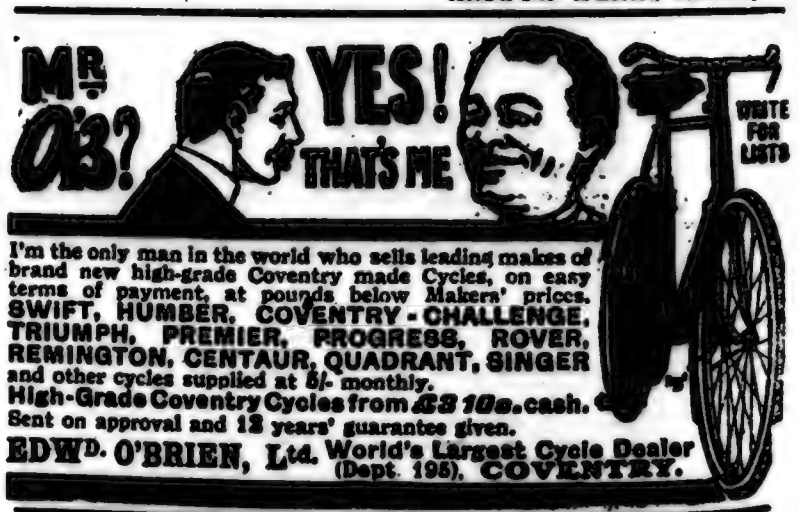
LIVERPOOL VICTORIA LEGAL FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

Chief Office—ST. ANDREW STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Claims Paid Exceed £7,500,000
Invested Funds £2,250,000
Annual Income £1,400,000

LIFE AND ENDOWMENT ASSURANCES AT POPULAR RATES. WORLD-WIDE POLICIES.

ARTHUR HENRI, Secretary.



I'm the only man in the world who sells leading makes of brand new high-grade Coventry made Cycles, on easy terms of payment, at pounds below Makers' prices. SWIFT, HUMBER, COVENTRY-CHALLENGE, TRIUMPH, PREMIER, PROGRESS, ROVER, REMINGTON, CENTAUR, QUADRANT, SINGER and other cycles supplied at 5/- monthly.

High-Grade Coventry Cycles from £3 10s. cash.

Sent on approval and 12 years' guarantee given.

EDWD. O'BRIEN, Ltd. World's Largest Cycle Dealer (Dept. 195), COVENTRY.

MODERN METHODS

UP TO DATE STOCK EXCHANGE TRANSACTIONS

SENT FREE TO EVERY APPLICANT

CHARLES R. STERLING & Co., Limited
Stock and Share Dealers.
MOORGATE STREET BUILDINGS, LONDON, E.C.

BIRKBECK BANK

Established 1851.
SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.

2½ PER CENT. INTEREST
allowed on Deposit Accounts, repayable on demand.

2 PER CENT. INTEREST
on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.

All general Banking Business transacted.

ALMANACK with full particulars, POST FREE.

C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary

BRACKNELL'S CLUB SAUCE

If the Palate Palls try the effect of a dash of Bracknell's Club Sauce with Fish or Fowl, Hot or Cold Meats—and—get—an—appetite—for—anything.

FREE OFFER If any difficulty in obtaining, send name of your Grocer, with one penny stamp for postage, and a Sample Bottle will be sent free by G. & S. BRACKNELL (Dept. 2), Brandon Road, King's Cross, London.

If you value your appearance

—you *must* realise that your good looks depend largely on the condition of your hair. Here is your chance to test the famous **JUNON Hair Tonic**, which positively makes the hair grow, stops hair falling, and removes dandruff.

JUNON Hair Tonic

Two kinds: Greasy for dry and brittle hair; non-greasy for greasy hair. Can be used to advantage in conjunction with **1/- & 2/6** post free.

JUNON Hair Stain

Black, Dark Brown, Medium Brown, Chestnut, Golden Chestnut, Light Golden Chestnut, Golden, Light Golden. **1/- & 2/9** post free.

This is the only permanent and satisfactory one-solution hair stain—absolutely harmless—perfectly natural tints—easily applied in one operation—defies detection—does not stain the skin.

Carefully packed in plain package.

CERTIFICATE OF ANALYSIS.

I hereby certify that the JUNON Hair Tonic and the JUNON Hair Stains are absolutely free from injurious ingredients. They do not contain any substance of an inflammable or corrosive nature. JUNON Hair Tonic has undoubtedly a beneficial effect on the hair and hair-roots, and the JUNON Hair Stains produce permanent and highly-satisfactory results.

J. C. MASCARENHAS, Ph.D., F.C.S., K.S.B., &c., Analytical and Consulting Chemist.

JUNON Ltd.,
57, MARSHAM ST., WESTMINSTER, S.W.

J. B. & Co.

CAN RACING BE MADE TO PAY?

Thousands of good sportsmen in every part of the Universe daily indulge in the fascinating pursuits of turf speculation, but how many of them can look back upon a record of consistent and unbroken success? Everyone occasionally finds a winner, but in the majority of cases a retrospect of the season's records reveals a deplorable deficit in the balance sheet. Yet it is quite within the limits of possibility to make racing pay, and hundreds of loyal followers of the sport of kings can testify to the sensational success of Gale's Tattersall Ring Wires during the present season.

Mr. B. T. Gale, the doyen of Racing Advisers, with his 40 years' experience of the turf, controls the wire department, and is the Editor-in-Chief of "THE SPECIAL THAT PAYS." He is regarded by a whole army of sportsmen as a magician among the prophets, and the spontaneous messages of congratulation that arrive by every post are in themselves sufficient proof of his consistency, his reliability, and his popularity.

During the month of July the following selections were sent out on Tattersall's Ring Wires:—

July 1st—VIGILANCE, 11 to 4 agst	Won
July 2nd—PEGGY HYLAND, 11 to 8 agst	Won
July 4th—Election, 13 to 8 agst	Lost
July 5th—SUNSHINE, 3 to 1 agst	Won
July 6th—SIMON MELTON, 9 to 2 agst	Won
July 7th—FOX COVERT, 9 to 2 agst	Won
July 8th—SHELDON SQUIRE, 5 to 4 agst	Won
July 9th—MACEDOINE, 100 to 15 agst	Won
July 12th—Herestan	Third
July 13th—KIEL, 2 to 1 agst	Won
July 14th—ROMEO, 5 to 2 agst	Won
July 15th—LEMBERG, 5 to 4 agst	Dead Heat
July 16th—BLACKSTONE, 6 to 4 agst	Won
July 18th—SEATON DELAVAL, 7 to 4 agst	Won
July 19th—ASSAYER, 7 to 2 agst	Won
July 20th—LADY FRIVOLES FILLY, 6 to 5 agst	Won
July 21st—BUTTERY, 10 to 1 agst	Won
July 22nd—KILCARBRY, 4 to 1 agst	Won
July 23rd—ORPIMENT, 4 to 1 agst	Won
July 26th—Poor Boy, 10 to 1 agst	Second
July 27th—VELVET, 5 to 1 agst	Won
July 28th—Torchbearer, 9 to 4 agst	Second
July 29th—SIR KNIGHT, 6 to 1 agst	Won
July 30th—QUERCUS, 4 to 1 agst	Won

What a record of consistency! What a monument of reliability! For this service of wires our usual charges are Twelve Guaranteed Winners for £10, but in order that we may secure new friends and new subscribers we have decided to make a special offer to readers of this paper. "JOHN BULL" has a circulation of more than half-a-million copies, and is probably read by a million sportsmen, amongst whom there must be many thousands of keen racing men who play the great game for profit. To each one of these mentioning "JOHN BULL" we will send

TWELVE WINNERS FOR FIVE POUNDS.	A SERIES of TWELVE GUARANTEED WINNERS for FIVE POUNDS.	TWELVE WINNERS FOR FIVE POUNDS.

By benefiting subscribers we benefit ourselves, as we rely for our popularity upon your recommendation to your sporting friends. Lose no time, as this offer is made for a short period only, and by remitting early you will assure a sensational long-priced winner for Saturday next.

Address all letters and remittances:—

GALE'S SPECIAL,
Rankin Buildings, Corporation St., BIRMINGHAM.

Telegraphic Address—"WINNERS, BIRMINGHAM."

Bankers:—The National Provincial Bank of England.

RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.
("*Larry Lynx*" *of* The People, "*Double U. L.*," *of* Lotinga's Weekly, *and* "*Maggie*" *of* The Globe.)

An Unsatisfactory Rule.

The recent Jockey Club rule anent horses being compelled to run three times before they can be handicapped has sensibly been quickly dropped, for it was not generally approved, in fact, very much the reverse, for it is like literally creating disaster. It meant that fields were very much swollen by horses obviously unfit, and running for no other purpose than to fulfil this rule, and, therefore, it might be said, "non-triers," both as to the market and the race. Moreover, it is really in every sense asking for trouble, and is particularly hard upon the "little" owner, as before his horse can be given any chance in a race it means enormous expense. Ordinarily, no horse can very well run more than three times under four or five weeks, in fact, some animals are upset for months by being once saddled.

The Youngest Jockey Club Steward.

Lord Villiers is quite one of the youngest who have ever filled this very high honorary position, but he is thoroughly qualified, being both enthusiastic in his racing pursuits and having actual personal experiences as an owner and an amateur horseman. Unlike his father, the Earl of Jersey, who was a famous athlete, and now never misses an important athletic meeting, Lord Villiers did not take to the "path," but to the saddle. He was Master of the Oxford University Drag, and while in residence only a few years ago was the mainstay of the 'Varsity sporting pursuits, and the invariable winner of the inter-'Varsity Steeplechases and innumerable "grinds." Immediately after coming down from Oxford, Lord Villiers began to run a few racehorses, and he has continuously given wholehearted support to the Turf with a fair measure of success, the popular J. F. Hallick being the trainer of his horses at Lambourn. It would be very appropriate indeed if the purple and buff stripes and blue cap were to have a signally successful year. Without consideration for their pocket, every *real* sportsman will hope for such a happy, uproariously, popular consummation, especially for Greenback in the Leger. I can never forget Lord Villiers' splendid spontaneous act in regard to one of the charity cricket matches, Jockeys v. Champion Athletes at the Oval. He would have played, representing polo (of which game he is a veritable champion), but being prevented finally—through needing to be abroad—he *insisted* upon atoning somewhat for his regretted absence by purchasing a big block of tickets.

Prophetic.

The finish of a quiet week brings us to Kempton and Windsor, with the August type of sport. To-day (Thursday), I am very hopeful of

Westdean's

success in the Teddington Selling Plate, in which he is for a wonder reasonably treated, and will be ridden by his "A.P." jockey, little Rickaby. As the horse is well, and must be at a fair price bet each way. I am also reasonably sanguine for the further forward running, if not absolute success, of

Baron Popoff

in the Forest Selling Handicap at Windsor on Friday, in which either little Jelliss or Bowley will ride the 3-year-old to claim the allowance. He was none too lucky at Brighton, but was handicapped here previously, so must be amongst them, although, perhaps, a double success for the colours is too good to anticipate. After the Sandown running, Buckhorse should take the Castle Handicap. The cerise and apple green will also probably be carried in the over-night selling plates, and whatever is entered may have a chance, whilst the Saturday "good thing" must be our Brighton tip,

Anchora

in the August Handicap, for she undoubtedly ought to have won last week there.

PAUL COVERDALE,
Turf Accountant.
NO LIMIT. NO COMMISSION.
Special facilities for the despatch of commissions by
TELEGRAM, TELEPHONE, OR LETTER.
Write for full particulars together with my 1910 Record Book and terms for credit account to :—
PICCADILLY HOUSE, SACKVILLE ST., LONDON, W.
Telephone 890 Mayfair (6 lines). Telegrams "Repayable, London."

RUFUS WEBB
TOTALISATOR,
MIDDELBURG, HOLLAND.
JUST A FEW Rufus Webb prices for week ending July 30th: Lindolya 18/1, Spanish Prince 35/2, Procope 15/4, Land League 6/1, West Dean 4/1, Patriotism 43/2.
WRITE TO-DAY for Rules 1d. Postcard will do.
Send a deposit to-day—Large or Small it doesn't matter. But DO IT TO-DAY, it will pay you.
"JOHN BULL" says in Answer to Correspondent: "Rufus Webb Totalizator Co., Middelburg, Holland. (A. F., Highbury).—Our enquiries re above were highly satisfactory, otherwise the advertisement would not have appeared in our columns. If you win, your money is safe—in many cases considerably over official S.P. prices have been paid." Rufus Webb results are published daily in *The Sportsman, Manchester Sporting Chronicle, Sheffield Daily Telegraph, Leeds Mercury and principal provincial Newspapers.*

BERT FRY,
Flushing, Holland.
"The Scout" says:—"I put these amounts on with Bert Fry, of Flushing, Holland, who is a member of Tattersall's and who pays if he loses."
Letter Betting a Speciality. NO LIMIT.
500 to 8s. placing them 1, 2, 3 in any big race, and 4500 to 1s. 1, 2, 3, &

THE TOTALISATOR
(Pari-Mutuel)
Established 1908.
FLUSHING, HOLLAND.
"EXPRESS."—The thing will be straight. "HIGH INDEPENDENT."—The fairest method of speculation. "REGIS WORLD."—Honourable principles. "SPORT, SET."—The money will be paid if won.
Some prices returned by the TOTE this season:—
GLANMERIN 22; ST. ANTON 17; PUG TOP 29; ATTY 20; TENDER AND TRUE 29; LADY SYKE 24; NUN APPLETON 29; ORPIMENT 18; LADY JONES 17; COOLAVIN 22.
Terms sent free on application by penny postcard.
Bankers—London Joint Stock Bank. Manager—H. Collens-Bown

£100 FOR ONE PENNY.
Placing 1st, 2nd, 3rd, & 4th in a race.
Send 1d. postcard for the
SPORTING PHENOMENON to
HARRY APPLETON,
FLUSHING, HOLLAND.
Football Price Lists now ready.

THE RACING STUD'S WIRES.
Established 1900. Praised by Larry Lynx of the "People," "John Bull," "Sporting Life," etc. "The Racing World" says: "A remarkable run of big successes for years past." INFORMATION v. GUESSWORK. One trial will convince. More "WINNERS" like Louvigny, 2-1; West Dean, 3-1; Cellini, 11-4; Macedoine, 100-15; Icy Cup, 7-1; Double Thrush, 6-1; Wolfe Land, 10-1, &c. FIVE OCCASIONAL "ONE HORSE" WIRES for £1. About 2 naps weekly. Or we GUARANTEE TEN BIG "ONE HORSE" SUCCESSES by wire for £1 15s. No "odds on" counted. A "big surprise" runs Tuesday. Send 7/6 for OUR GUARANTEED "DOUBLE EVENT" by "letter" for "next" week; will BOTH SCORE. Don't forget our last "successful double" scored 44-1. If BOTH do not WIN OUTRIGHT at 99-1 (the double), we will advise you FREE till end of year. We know something. Don't miss. All "wire" clients will "also" receive this "DOUBLE" free. Look out for BIG SENSATIONS, as we are back to work after the holidays.
87, High Road, Turnham Green, London.

TOPPING & SPINDLER FLUSHING, HOLLAND.
The OLDEST ESTABLISHED & MOST EXTENSIVE FIRM of TURF COMMISSION AGENTS in the WORLD.
St. Leger, Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire.
Double and Treble Events. No Commission whatever on Market Starting or Accumulatives at Starting Price.
Our "TERMS AND RULES," containing Telegraphic Codes, etc., also "The Continental Sportsman," FREE on receipt of Post Card containing applicant's address.
ALL LETTERS TO BE ADDRESSED:—TOPPING & SPINDLER, FLUSHING, HOLLAND.
Postage 2½d. Post Cards 1d.

ALLEN'S DAILY SYSTEM WIRES.

(Copyright Method, Entered at Stationers' Hall.)

A REGULAR INCOME GUARANTEED.

If you are anxious to make racing pay YOU MUST FOLLOW MY DAILY SYSTEM WIRES. Last Season the winnings from March 29th to November 27th averaged a

PROFIT OF OVER £13 DAILY.

These enormous profits were gained with the outlay of only £6 of capital, and after the first three weeks there was no further need to call on the capital whatever, for from the 15th April WE NEVER LOOKED BACK, but went on steadily increasing our winnings until the end of the flat season, when they totalled the magnificent sum of nearly TWO THOUSAND POUNDS. When you consider that never more than £6 of your own money was ever required to win this small fortune you will admit that I can safely claim to be

THE GREATEST TURF ADVISER IN THE WORLD.

I can honestly assure you that you cannot fail to make racing pay if you follow my advice consistently, and to show that I am prepared to back up my statements

I GUARANTEE YOU A REGULAR INCOME

each season, providing you follow my instructions, and should I fail

I WILL RETURN YOUR MONEY IN FULL,

without making any deductions for telegraphic expenses. You must admit that this is a sporting offer and is convincing proof that I can do all I claim.

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Owing to the nature of our Investments, we are able to pay rates of interest on deposits that will compare favourably with dividends paid on almost any class of stock or share-holding, insuring the safety of capital. We have been established for 40 years, and our position in the banking world to-day testifies to the success of our business methods, and to the satisfaction of our customers. Write or call for prospectus.

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OUR WEEKLY BALLOT FOR 50 HELPERS AT 2 GUINEAS APIECE

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL of specified date, bearing any of such numbers we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of TWO GUINEAS in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation.

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75501	180358	234916	379862	477105
80289	181189	244132	380853	501492
81184	181845	254384	381349	515904
82367	194256	257250	417251	529743
95275	202493	266640	424923	531065

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THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED SEPTEMBER 10TH (PUBLISHED SEPTEMBER 8TH).

RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.
("*Larry Lynx*" *of* The People, "*Double U. L.*," *of* Lotinga's Weekly, *and* "*Magpie*" *of* The Globe.)

An Unsatisfactory Rule.

The recent Jockey Club rule anent horses being compelled to run three times before they can be handicapped has sensibly been quickly dropped, for it was not generally approved, in fact, very much the reverse, for it is like literally creating disaster. It meant that fields were very much swollen by horses obviously unfit, and running for no other purpose than to fulfil this rule, and, therefore, it might be said, "non-triers," both as to the market and the race. Moreover, it is really in every sense asking for trouble, and is particularly hard upon the "little" owner, as before his horse can be given any chance in a race it means enormous expense. Ordinarily, no horse can very well run more than three times under four or five weeks, in fact, some animals are upset for months by being once saddled.

The Youngest Jockey Club Steward.

Lord Villiers is quite one of the youngest who have ever filled this very high honorary position, but he is thoroughly qualified, being both enthusiastic in his racing pursuits and having actual personal experiences as an owner and an amateur horseman. Unlike his father, the Earl of Jersey, who was a famous athlete, and now never misses an important athletic meeting, Lord Villiers did not take to the "path," but to the saddle. He was Master of the Oxford University Drag, and while in residence only a few years ago was the mainstay of the 'Varsity sporting pursuits, and the invariable winner of the inter-'Varsity Steeplechases and innumerable "grinds." Immediately after coming down from Oxford, Lord Villiers began to run a few racehorses, and he has continuously given wholehearted support to the Turf with a fair measure of success, the popular J. F. Hallick being the trainer of his horses at Lambourn. It would be very appropriate indeed if the purple and buff stripes and blue cap were to have a signally successful year. Without consideration for their pocket, every *real* sportsman will hope for such a happy, uproariously, popular consummation, especially for Greenback in the Leger. I can never forget Lord Villiers' splendid spontaneous act in regard to one of the charity cricket matches, Jockeys v. Champion Athletes at the Oval. He would have played, representing polo (of which game he is a veritable champion), but being prevented finally—through needing to be abroad—he *insisted* upon atoning somewhat for his regretted absence by purchasing a big block of tickets.

Prophetic.

The finish of a quiet week brings us to Kempton and Windsor, with the August type of sport. To-day (Thursday), I am very hopeful of

Westdean's

success in the Teddington Selling Plate, in which he is for a wonder reasonably treated, and will be ridden by his "A.P." jockey, little Rickaby. As the horse is well, and must be at a fair price bet each way. I am also reasonably sanguine for the further forward running, if not absolute success, of

Baron Popoff

in the Forest Selling Handicap at Windsor on Friday, in which either little Jelliss or Bowley will ride the 3-year-old to claim the allowance. He was none too lucky at Brighton, but was handicapped here previously, so must be amongst them, although, perhaps, a double success for the colours is too good to anticipate. After the Sandown running, Buckhorse should take the Castle Handicap. The cerise and apple green will also probably be carried in the over-night selling plates, and whatever is entered may have a chance, whilst the Saturday "good thing" must be our Brighton tip,

Anchora

in the August Handicap, for she undoubtedly ought to have won last week there.

PAUL COVERDALE,
Turf Accountant.
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RUFUS WEBB
TOTALISATOR,
MIDDELBURG, HOLLAND.
JUST A FEW Rufus Webb prices for week ending July 30th: Lindolya 18/1, Spanish Prince 35/2, Procope 15/4, Land League 6/1, West Dean 4/1, Patriotism 43/2.
WRITE TO DAY for Rules 1d. Postcard will do.

Send a deposit to-day—Large or Small it doesn't matter. But DO IT TO-DAY, it will pay you.
"JOHN BULL" says in Answer to Correspondent: "Rufus Webb Totalisator Co., Middelburg, Holland. (A. F., Highbury).—Our enquiries re above were highly satisfactory, otherwise the advertisement would not have appeared in our columns. If you win, your money is safe—in many cases considerably over official S.P. prices have been paid." Rufus Webb results are published daily in *The Sportsman, Manchester Sporting Chronicle, Sheffield Daily Telegraph, Leeds Mercury and principal provincial Newspapers.*

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"The Scout" says:—"I put these amounts on with Bert Fry, of Flushing, Holland, who is a member of Tattersall's and who pays if he loses."
Letter Betting a Speciality. NO LIMIT.
£00 to £5, placing them 1, 2, 3 in any big race, and £500 to £5 1, 2, 3, &c.

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"EXPRESS."—The thing will be straight. "IRISH INDEPENDENT."—The fairest method of speculation. "NORTH WORLD."—Honourable principles. "SPORT, SET."—The money will be paid if won.
Some prices returned by the TOTE this season:—
GLANMERIN 22; ST. ANTON 17; PEG TOP 23; ATTY 20; TENDER AND TRUE 29; LADY SYME 24; NUN APPLETON 29; ORPIMENT 18; LADY JONES 17; COOLAVIN 22.
Terms sent free on application by penny postcard.
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£100 FOR ONE PENNY.
Placing 1st, 2nd, 3rd, & 4th in a race.
Send 1d. postcard for the
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Football Price Lists now ready.

THE RACING STUD'S WIRES.
Established 1900. Praised by Larry Lynx of the "People," "John Bull," "Sporting Life," etc. "The Racing World" says: "A remarkable run of big successes for years past." INFORMATION v. GUESSWORK. One trial will convince. More "WINNERS" like Louvigny, 2-1; West Dean, 3-1; Cellini, 11-4; Macedoine, 100-15; Icy Cup, 7-1; Double Thrush, 6-1; Wolfe Land, 10-1, &c. FIVE OCCASIONAL "ONE HORSE" WIRES for £1. About 2 naps weekly. Or we GUARANTEE TEN BIG "ONE HORSE" SUCCESSES by wire for £1 15s. No "odds on" counted. A "big surprise" runs Tuesday. Send 7/6 for OUR GUARANTEED "DOUBLE EVENT" by "letter" for "next" week; will BOTH SCORE. Don't forget our last "successful double" scored 44-1. If BOTH do not WIN OUTRIGHT at 80-1 (the double), we will advise you FREE till end of year. We know something. Don't miss. All "wire" clients will "also" receive this "DOUBLE" free. Look out for BIG SENSATIONS, as we are back to work after the holidays.
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A REGULAR INCOME GUARANTEED.

If you are anxious to make racing pay YOU MUST FOLLOW MY DAILY SYSTEM WIRES. Last Season the winnings from March 29th to November 27th averaged a

PROFIT OF OVER £13 DAILY.

These enormous profits were gained with the outlay of only £6 of capital, and after the first three weeks there was no further need to call on the capital whatever, for from the 15th April WE NEVER LOOKED BACK, but went on steadily increasing our winnings until the end of the flat season, when they totalled the magnificent sum of nearly TWO THOUSAND POUNDS. When you consider that never more than £6 of your own money was ever required to win this small fortune you will admit that I can safely claim to be

THE GREATEST TURF ADVISER IN THE WORLD.

I can honestly assure you that you cannot fail to make racing pay if you follow my advice consistently, and to show that I am prepared to back up my statements

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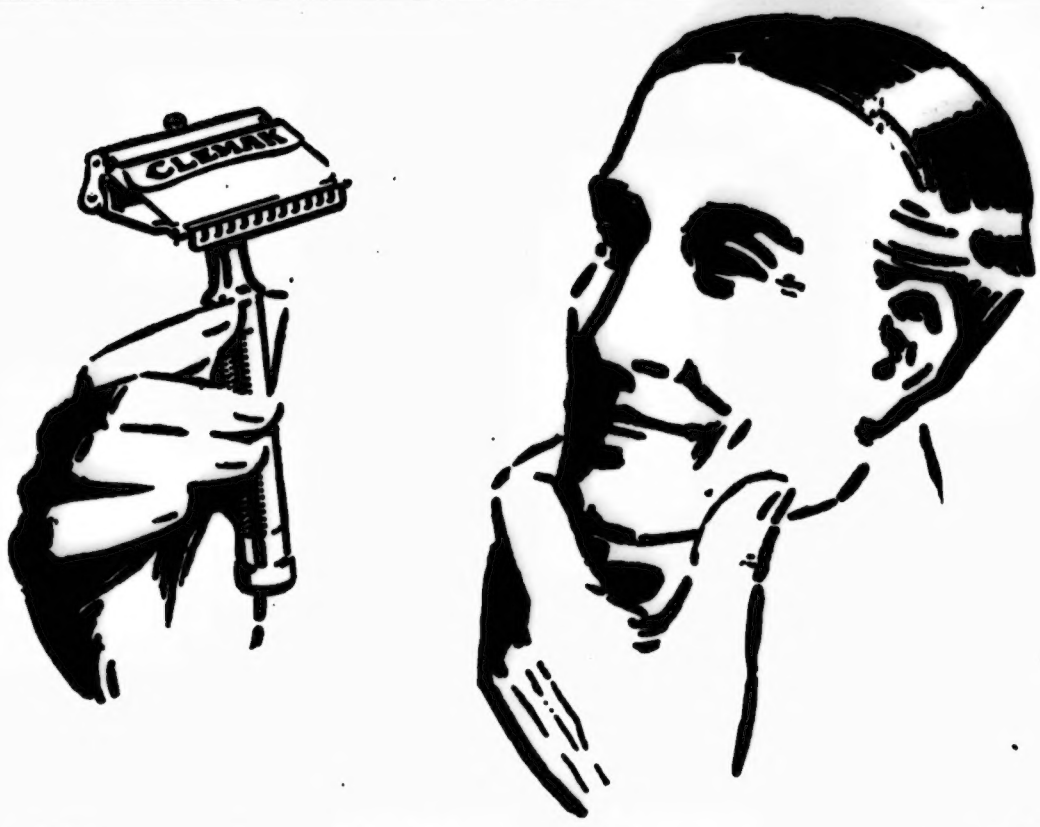

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For meaning of this No. see Page iii. of cover.